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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE BUSINESS OF OUR CITY.

From The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.

THE Louisville merchants think the business of that city has increased thirty-three per cent. over that of last year. We have no doubt that the increase in our own city will reach seventy per cent. in amount, while the character of the trade and the reliableness of the securities offered prove that business is being transacted on a firm basis, and not on credit which will not be met at maturity. The Western trade is recovering from the blow which it received in 1857, and, as the prospects of the coming crops are good, we have no doubt in a short time the merchants from that section will purchase fully up to their usual average. As they have bought short for the past few years, owing to the depressed state of business, of course their stocks are run low down, and need replenishing in all the different varieties of goods. These the merchants must have so soon as the farmers commence purchasing, and hence the reasons for believing that the tide of business which we are now feeling will swell to a still higher mark. From the South, and South-West, the buyers are spirited, and the amount of goods taken, such as to satisfy the sellers. The trade from the interior of our State has been such as to indicate a healthy condition of business there. The increased industry to the mining, iron and manufacturing districts will soon draw a much larger population to those localities, and with that increase will come the demand for a greater quantity of goods for their consumption. Dry goods, groceries, and all other articles which enter into the consumption of families, will be needed, while the productions of the mine, the foundry and the manufactory, will find their way to this market to swell the business and give increased activity to all branches of industry.

The signs of the times are decidedly encouraging for active, enterprising, industrious persons in all the branches of trade and commerce. The business men of this city have slowly but surely won a character for honesty and fairness in their dealing, which is capital invested that must bring a full return. The goods sold in our markets are equal to those of any other city in the Union, while in many descriptions of domestic manufactures we stand unequalled. Cotton fabrics, boots, shoes, hats and other articles are manufactured in Philadelphia of such a character as to be eargerly sought after wherever they are known and have been tested. As these articles enter largely into the consumption of an agricultural and planting community, it follows, as a matter of course, that with proper efforts, and well-considered and directed means, we could command the trade of the greater portion of the West, South-West and South. But this cannot be accomplished while a few narrow-minded and illiberal fanatics are permitted to fan the flame of sectional fanaticism, to infract the plain provisions of the Constitution, to alienate the people of one section of the Union from those of another, and in this manner prevent the buyers of the interdicted portion of the nation from appearing in our markets. Merchants from other sections will not trade with a people who do not respect their rights, who think it a duty to rob them of their property, and who sing hozannas over the fact that the underground railroad is doing an increased business. The unmerited abuse heaped upon Virginia and other Southern States, by paid or *volunteer* advocates of negro equality, will not bring trade to this city, nor will the manufacturers, merchants and business men of Philadelphia find their yearly profits increased by the insane raving of political philosophers such as unsexed themselves at the trial of Daniel Dangerfield and at the Sansom Street Hall. These are facts that must be considered in connection with the business prospects of our city. If we will not respect the law, and enforce it when the rights of others are at stake, the consequences will be felt and seen in such a way as to convince the most sceptical of the truthfulness of the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy." At all events, when the path of constitutional duty is the only one that leads to commercial prosperity, none but madmen will fail to walk therein. These are plain, practical suggestions to the business men of Philadelphia. Will they think over them, and act as becomes wise men?

BLACKS VS. WHITES.

From the same.

The obvious tendency of all Black Republican, Abolition legislation is to elevate the black race, to give them political and social standing, and at the same time to curtail the rights of white men. The object of the Registry law in New York, and the other projects for obstructing the free exercise of the suffrage, is to exclude white citizens from that franchise, and particularly laborers and adopted citizens of German and Irish birth. But to make up for this class, thus excluded from the suffrage, the Republicans are amending the State Constitution, so as to take in negroes, and nullifying the Federal Constitution, so as to secure a large accession of fugitive slaves. The case stands simply thus: To violate the State Constitution to keep out White voters, and to open it in order to let in Blacks and put them fully on a level, if not above that class of citizens for whom alone this form of government was instituted. The action of the Black Republicans of New York is a fair specimen of their course in all the Northern States. They were the early and zealous co-laborers of the Know-Nothing party, an organization which had for its leading principle antagonism to the rights of white laborers, and the entire prostration of this leading and indispensable class of our population. Not only did the Black Republican party aid the Know-Nothings in their unconstitutional crusade against the political rights of white men, but they fostered and encouraged that other head of the hydra, the secret political order of American Mechanics, a society designed to interfere with the business prospects of every white man who was not born on the soil of this country. This most intolerant movement was nursed with great care by the Black Republican party, thus inflicting a deadly stab at the very existence of white mechanics, and compelling them either to become slaves and tools to a sectional faction or suffer in a business point of view.

But more than this—what is the whole scheme of Black Republican Abolitionism but an open and direct attack upon the white laborers of the North? If the plan is to be worth any thing, it must transplant the unskilled and rude black laborer from the South to the North, and bring him in direct competition with white laborers. While the black man is allowed to remain in the South, where he is employed in raising cotton, tobacco and rice, or making sugar or molasses, his labor does not, cannot, come in competition with that of white men, for none of this kind of labor can be profitably performed by the white race. But bring these black men to the North, and employ them in all the rough branches of industry which now afford a livelihood to thousands of poor industrious white men, and then comes competition which they will see and feel. Wages will descend the scale until they reach a point ruinous to all hopes for the advancement of a poor white mechanic or laborer, and the field of employment will be crowded with a class of operators behind whom will stand a fanatical political organization, ready to protect them by laws, which, while they elevate the black man, at the same time must and will depress and degrade the whites who, from the necessities of business, must compete with them.

And no State in the Union would feel the crushing effects of such a system more than Pennsylvania. Lying as she does on the borders of the slave States, the exodus of blacks, under the guide of Abolition leaders, would first strike our soil, and then fall upon the labor of our white toilers. Not only would the amount of work to be performed by white men be decreased, but the price of all articles would fall, owing to a diminished demand from the South, whose merchants and consumers would seek some other market, where a less repulsive system prevailed. The effect of this would be to drive white men from our State, and fill their places with negroes, and thus lower the standard of our working population. Any system which produces such fruits is eminently detrimental to the development of the best interests of the State. An intelligent, industrious, prudent people are the life-blood of a State and Nation. From that fountain emanate those streams which are to keep evergreen the political condition of the masses, as well as accelerate the development of all the material branches of the trade, manufactures and commerce of the Commonwealth. While, therefore, the white man is kept in the advance, and his rights governed by wise and prudent laws, the State will prosper. When the black man is placed on a social and political equality, then comes the degradation of the whites, and the decay of all those political and other interests which lie at the foundation of the true happiness and progress of a State and people.

This question of Black vs. White, which is made the basis of that political agitation upon which the Black Republican Abolition party exists, is a fearful one to the working men of the North. Especially is it important to the hardy and industrious white men of this State. How would Pennsylvania be benefited if her mines were worked by negroes, her foundries filled by this class of laborers, her fields dotted all over with ignorant persons, who have nothing in common with our citizens, who know nothing as to the working of our institutions, and yet by Abolition fanaticism have been raised to a political and ocial equality with the white man! Would such a state of things add to the prospects of the State or the happiness and contentment of her people? Would our political institutions be as safe then as now? Would the standing of Pennsylvania be raised in the estimation of her sister States, or in the eyes of the civilized world, by the adoption of the plan insisted upon by the Black Republican Abolitionists? These are questions to be pondered, thought over by the intelligent white workingmen, whose interests, both political and pecuniary, are to be sacrificed to satisfy the ravings of madmen or the wicked ambition of successful political leaders. The naked question to be answered is, shall white men or black men rule this State? for to this point have the Black Republican Abolitionists brought the controversy. They are for negro equality in its most offensive and injurious form. The Democracy are for white men and white men's rights. This is the plain difference.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY DISLOYAL TO THE CONSTITUTION.

From The Albany Atlas and Argus.

WE commented yesterday upon the assumption of Senators Diven and Noxon in their sound and patriotic report upon [against] the Personal Liberty bill, that the doctrines of that report were those of the Republican party. Senators Willard and Scott, in a supplemental note to the report, dissented from this assumption, and regarded the views which the report denounced as treasonable and revolutionary as really those of the Republican party. We referred, as corroborative of Senators Willard and Scott and contradictory of Senators Diven and Noxon, to the fact that Senator Lamont, a Republican member of the Judiciary Committee, refused to concur with this report, and also to the significant and emphatic circumstance that, on the evening of the day when this report was made—doubtless with intent to rebuke its doctrines—the Assembly passed the Personal Liberty bill by 84 Republican votes.

We have now further evidence that the Republicans of this Legislature—indeed, that the Republican Senatorial associates of Senators Diven and Noxon—are not loyal to the Constitution of the United States and do not approve the sound and patriotic doctrines of the report of these two Senators. Yesterday morning the "Personal Liberty bill" came up from the Assembly, and the Lieut. Governor announced its reference to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Lamont moved to refer it to a Select Committee. Of course the object of this motion was to keep the bill out of the hands of Senators Diven and Noxon, and to rebuke their report on the Senate "Personal Liberty bill." This was resisted, and carried, 11 to 10. A reconsideration was moved and carried by the casting vote of the Lieut. Governor. The motion for a Select Committee was then again carried, 13 to 12. The affirmative votes were all Republicans. The only negative votes, except those of the Democratic Senators present, were Diven and Noxon, Republicans, and Johnson, Wetmore and O. B. Wheeler, Americans. *Not a single Republican Senator voted with Senators Diven and Noxon.* Thus they and their report were repudiated and rebuked by their political friends. What becomes now of their assumption that the sound and patriotic doctrines of their report are approved by the Republican party, and that the views in favor of resistance to the U. S. Constitution, which their report so justly condemned, are confined to the Gerrit Smith party?

These patriotic Senators, whose report rings with the true metal and recalls the days of the fathers of the country, will soon learn they have fallen into bad company. To find sympathy with the doctrines of that report, they must go beyond the pale of the Republican party. That party is reeking and rotten with treason. No sentiment of loyalty to the Constitution and the Union pervades it. Only in the Democratic party can those Senators find their report accepted as orthodox in its doctrines and sound in its political teachings. We call upon them to maintain the noble stand which they have taken, to bear aloft the banner of the Constitution and to follow where it leads, even if it be into the bosom of the Democratic party. Can they make their bed with those whom their report denounces as traitors and revolutionists? We mistake the character of these Senators if their fidelity to the Union and their loyalty to their country do not prove stronger than their mere partisan associations.

The *Journal* published the soul-stirring and patriotic Report of Senators Diven and Noxon without one word of comment. When a question of fidelity to the Constitution and the Union is involved, it is no time to shirk. Does the *Journal* endorse that Report? Or does it, in common with the great mass of the Republican Senators and members, repudiate it? Let the organ of the Republican party speak out.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

From The Philadelphia Journal.

THE Abolitionists of Philadelphia are numerous, respectable, intelligent and wealthy. Their sincerity may be above suspicion, but their creed is a puzzle. The mother who implored them to buy herself and children raised, in this large city, five hundred dollars. How much of that was contributed by these ardent advocates and honest friends of the oppressed? At hearing, of Monday forenoon, in the case of Webster, we saw gentlemen whose time, for that single morning, must have been worth nearly that much. These men, who look upon human bondage, in the abstract, as such a sin that they counsel resistance to law, the repudiation of solemn contracts, and even bloodshed, if such be necessary, to free the enslaved, care so little for the evil in the concrete that, had it not been for the liberality of Henry Ward Beecher's congregation, the poor woman would, probably, have been forced to return to her owner. Some of them object to countenancing the system so far as to recognize the title of the master in any way, but no one ever objected to ransoming those who were captured by the pirates of the Barbary States.

While we live in the world, we must take it as we find it, even at the sacrifice of the vagaries of silly enthusiasts. It is only because they believe the master has no right whatever that they can complain of his holding negroes as slaves, and it is quite sufficient, for the purposes of example, if they themselves set them free, after making a purchase. Others denounce the institution generally, but think the individual case too insignificant to deserve attention, whereas the strongest arguments on their side are drawn from the exceptional cases. The separation of families, the violation of the sanctity of marriage, and the outrages of cruel masters, form the staple of all that is said against slavery; and yet no one seems to care to save a family from such misfortune. Still another class think that the price of those left would be increased, and thus the dealers in "human flesh" would be benefitted. But, as those who would use that argument could scarcely understand any refutation, however plain, it is not worth while to do more than mention such an absurdity.

The whole community was thrown into a ferment of agitation because one man was arrested, and thousands wasted the day in waiting for the result of his trial. Had the first step been taken, the exciting mob would perhaps have rescued the prisoner. But it would be foolish to suppose that those who thronged the streets cared at all for human freedom. They would prate of liberty when cursing those who were asking the protection of the law, but they would not sacrifice a cent to save the poor negro from bondage. Though goodness and virtue have no existence south of Mason and Dixon's line, yet, with all the fanaticism which we have among us, it has been shown that the South has contributed nearly ten times as much towards the manumission of negroes as the North. Did not a slave-dealer give three times as much as could be raised in Philadelphia in a whole week?

DR. GUTHRIE ON SLAVERY.—In reply to a correspondent in this country, Dr. Thomas Guthrie thus explicitly states his views on the subject of slavery:

"DEAR SIR: In answer to yours of 29th December, let me say that *no man holds slavery in greater abhorrence than I do; that I mourn over the disgrace which it entails on your country* and that *I am astonished* that the *Christian ministers* of the free States especially, do not, *one and all of them, lift up their voice like a trumpet against it.* It is a deep sin against God and man, and *should be blotted out, be the consequences what they may.*"

Dr. G., away on the other side of the "wide, wide sea," far from the scene of rapine and bloodshed which the adoption of his advice would be certain to create, is not afraid of the "consequences." Now, this is very presumptuous language for the philanthropists of Europe to adopt, with their imperfect knowledge of the character and complications of American institutions; but it is very common, even among good and sincere men. One would think that men in Europe, who really cherish a desire to promote the good of their race, would be somewhat reserved in the expression of an opinion in regard to a question not immediately concerning themselves, but which has for a long period of years challenged the best intellect of our statesmen and jurists for its solution—men prompted by the strongest impulses of religion, duty and patriotism—men who have left no means unimproved which might lead to the formation of a correct judgment. But no: These gentlemen have the case and the remedy clearly to their minds, embarrassed by no perplexities. Perhaps it is well that just now their attention is required on their own side of the Atlantic.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

Selections.

A CONFERENCE DISPERSED BY A MOB.*

From Zion's Herald.

THE Arkansas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (not the Church South) met at Bonham, Texas, on March 11, according to appointment, Bishop Janes presiding. The regular Conference business was harmoniously attended to, and great was the gratification experienced by those hardy pioneers as they encouraged each other by mutual reports of progress in spreading the principles of civilization and Christianity in the regions round about. Late in the week, however, rumors reached them that the slaveholders and their followers were exceedingly exasperated that a Church which calls slavery "a great evil," and forbids "buying and selling men, women and children," should hold a Conference or even have a foothold in that region, and that, at a public meeting, a resolution had been taken that the Methodist Episcopal Church should not be tolerated in that country. Still, these hardy veterans concluded it was best to trust in God and do their work.

The Sabbath arrived, the great day of the Conference. All secular business was done, and now the day was to be spent in prayer and praise. A love feast was held. Some tears were shed and some shouts were heard as the ministers spoke of Divine support in their labors, and the trophies of grace under their ministry. The humble "sacramental service" of a country church was on the table in the altar, and, after the sermon, some little ones were to be dedicated to God, and some older ones were to take the baptismal vows, and ministers and people were reverently to partake of the emblems of the body and blood of Christ. Bishop Janes was in the pulpit, and the introductory services were in progress, when, from the windows of the church, far away on the level plain, might be seen some horsemen approaching. The house was about two-thirds full when they knelt in prayer; on arising, the horsemen had arrived, tied their horses, and crowded into every open place in the house. As the Bishop arose to announce his text, the leader of the mob, about three feet from the Bishop before him, exclaimed, "I have some business, sir, rather unpleasant to me, and more so to you; we have resolved in public meeting that you shall not preach or hold meetings in these regions." The Bishop replied that it was not his place to decline to preach; it was for the society living there and owning the house to decide whether it could be occupied that morning according to appointment; and unless the trustees or proper authorities forbade him, he must preach.

The leader replied earnestly and threateningly, and finally refused to say anything more, but giving the Conference expressly to understand that not after that service which they had already begun would they be permitted to meet, and that in all that region the Methodist Episcopal Societies should not be tolerated. Evidently shrinking from the effort to close the house by violence, he and his companions left the house and rode off.

The Bishop finished his sermon, and the Conference proceeded at once to consider what they ought to do. Whether they determined rightly is not for us, at this great distance, to decide. They resolved to go home at once and lay the question of their future labor before their respective official boards in the circuits and stations to which they are appointed, and abide by their decision. If the people say to the preachers, You had better not remain with us and preach where you are in danger of persecution and violence, they will yield; but if the people ask them to remain, they will remain. God grant that the people may say, Remain and let us see what religious liberty in a slave State is.

We do not feel indignant at this event. Not at all. Our emotion is sympathy. We pity the inhabitants of a State whose institutions *necessitate* slavery of the pulpit, the tongue and the press. A free pulpit cannot be allowed where popery, or tyranny, or slavery is dominant. Could Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of France, or any other despot, allow a free press or free speech? Could the Pope in Rome allow a free pulpit? Can the people in a slave State, who expect to have slavery perpetuated, allow the presence of an active, progressive Church, spreading its Disciplines, which declare slavery to be a great evil, and asking how to exterminate it, and forbidding its ministers, as official members, to hold slaves, and all of its members to buy or sell them, and determined within a year or two to forbid all slaveholding? Of course not. We therefore pity them. The institution which they cherish binds them hand and foot. The masters are slaves, and no man there dares to defend what every good conscience declares to be right. An institution exists among them which allows masters to annul the marriage relation of slaves, to separate parent and children, to abuse in any way or degree, without punishment, human beings—an institution worse than anything which now exists in any heathen land; and can such an institution and the Methodist Episcopal Church exist in harmony together? Of course not. The contrary would demonstrate the contemptible feebleness or wicked corruption of the Church.

But what ought our Church to do? We answer, they ought to stand their ground till violently opposed. They ought then to appeal to the law. For this we have abundant sanction in reason and the Bible. If law is against them in that "free land"—slave State—or is abused so as to give no protection, then our people should not violently resist. There is no sanction in the Bible for violently resisting religious persecution. It can never be done with religious profit. The history of the Church has demonstrated over and over again that God does not demand such service. We must follow our Master, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, threatened not." In every instance on record in the Church, wherever Christians, when persecuted, have borne it without anger, and, when the law would not protect them, have preserved their patience and either suffered or yielded, God has interposed for them. May it be so in this juncture, and in his own good way Divine Providence will wonderfully work to promote the cause of humanity and Christ.

How instructive is this incident to show us that the most unbecoming attitude for the Methodist Episcopal Church now to occupy is one in which her position towards slavery is capable of honest question. How is it that we still have annual Conferences wrangling about how old a slave must be before his master, a Methodist minister, *must* emancipate him! Shame on the Philadelphia Conference for such a spectacle! How long before that Conference, mostly on free soil, shall arise in its majesty and assert that, even if it stands alone, not a minister or member in its bounds shall own a slave of any age? Not long, we trust, if the opposition to slavery gains strength for three years to come as it has for three years past. God requires of us—nearly a million strong, adult and active, with our friends and sympathizers, and mostly on free soil—to bear clear, unmistakable and decided testimony against this bundle of iniquities, this "sum of all villanies," this worst sin of the civilized world. And God requires that we should do it now.

*We published the pro-slavery version of this outrage last week.—*Ed. Standard.*

"SOUTH-SIDE" ADAMS "A DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST."

THE people who, living at a distance from Boston, are unacquainted with the relation sustained by its clergymen to slavery and to anti-slavery, must not suppose that the hundred ministers who assembled to honor Dr. Adams did so because of any special sympathy with his book of eulogy on slavery. The great majority of them differ in opinion with him upon this subject. They neither desire a revival of the foreign slave trade nor wish to see even a modified slavery introduced into Massachusetts, nor prefer a continuance of slavery in the South. But their difference with him is one merely of opinion, not of principle—just as upon the question whether wood or coal makes the best fuel, or whether Smith's grammar or Jones's grammar should be used in the schools. They hold that opinion and practice may be diametrically different in regard to these matters, without prejudice to the character of a Christian, or the function of a Christian minister. Holding their opinions to be right, they would be glad to have Dr. Adams hold them also; but they concede his perfect right to preach and practise the opposite. He is, none the less for that, their dear brother in the ministry; and they would no more think of refusing to exchange pulpits with him, or with Dr. Blagden, or with Dr. Samuel M. Worcester of Salem, than with a *Christian* minister. If he should pick a pocket indeed, or forge a note—or even if he should cease to believe in hell-fire, and begin to believe that God was wise enough, powerful enough, and good enough to convert sinners to holiness in the next stage of existence as well as in this—the case would be different; but since the error is merely a volunteering of his influence in aid of the custom of this country to sell men and women—even Christian men and women—as pieces of property; merely to countenance the actual working of Christian men as horses, only worse, and the use of Christian women as cows, only worse; since this is the only offence, they disregard it; if a sin at all, it is a venial sin; one of those beautiful chapters in "The Baptized Child" or "The Communion Sabbath" would counterbalance a hundred such, in their judgment—if their conduct forms a true index to their judgment.

To give, by way of example, a single item of this conduct; while many secular papers have spoken with indignation of Mr. Choate's attempt to make the pulpit, even more than at present, a distributor of indulgences for sin, and the pew, even more than at present, a place of refuge and repose for the sinner, *The Congregationalist* quietly gives a narrative of the transaction, without comment. *The Congregationalist* is one of the organs established to support Dr. Adams's sect. Its clerical editor holds *opinions* widely different from those of Dr. Adams, in regard to slavery; he sincerely regrets the South-side position in which that gentleman has chosen to place himself; but Dr. Adams is none the less, for that, his "dear brother in Christ"; and none the less, for that, will he consent to meet Dr. Adams, as he has often done already, in ecclesiastical relations, necessarily implying the full recognition of him as a *Christian*, and as a *Christian minister*.
—*Liberator.* C. K. W.

REPORTED EXPEDITION AGAINST CUBA.

Translated from The Courrier des Etats Unis, New York, March 25.

INFORMATION in which we have reason to place full reliance reveals to us the secret organization of a grand filibustering expedition against Cuba.

At the moment of writing, arms, ammunition and men are ready to leave simultaneously from different ports of the Union. The points of debarkation are fixed, and secret emissaries on the island are preparing an easy landing for the filibusters, and at the same time active assistance.

New York is the headquarters of the enterprise, and it is here that the funds are found and the leaders are gathering; it is from this place that orders emanate; but the centre of the material preparations is principally in the cities of the South.

It is added that some leading men of the Democratic party are taking an active part in this plan of invasion; and that once the party is pledged, the Administration itself will be easily led to take part therein.

In fine, we are assured that the realization of the project is imminent, and that by the next Havana steamer the last instructions are expected in order to give the signal of departure.

We would fain believe this information exaggerated, but there is scarcely room to doubt its intrinsic truth.

From Bennett's Herald.

It is in the recollection of our readers that a short time ago we published a statement from a French paper, to the effect that a filibuster expedition against Cuba was actually in progress, which was followed up by another statement that a vessel had actually sailed from this port, with filibusters on board, destined for "the Gem of the Antilles." The statement was positive and circumstantial, and was reiterated again.

There are many rumors and facts afloat which appear to confirm the statements.

In the first place, several Cuban filibusters have suddenly disappeared from the city, and nobody can even guess where they are gone, unless it be on the expedition in question. Secondly, there is great excitement among the merchants here who do business with Havana, and it is evident they believe "there is something in the wind." Thirdly, the Spanish Minister and Spanish Consuls have sent despatches to the Captain General of Cuba, apprising him of the sailing of the expedition; and yesterday they sent further despatches, to the same effect, by the Cahawba. Indeed, so important does the Spanish Minister consider the matter that he has come on here from Washington specially about it, and is now stopping at the Brevoort House. Lastly, the well known Gen. Goicouria—the head of the Cuban filibusters here—sailed suddenly yesterday, it is said, in the Cahawba, for New Orleans, and probably for Cuba. He was seen to go on board and not come ashore again. He is in the habit of taking these trips. He goes in our steamships into the very harbor of Havana, not actually leaving the vessel, but communicating on board with parties from shore. So sudden are his movements that nothing is known of them till he has accomplished his object. We would not be surprised if it should now turn out that he is on his way to Havana, to make the final arrangement for the descent on the island. Of course "there is many a slip," &c.

No one of these facts, taken alone, is sufficient to bear out the statements in circulation; but, when combined, they present a presumption that either there is some truth in the original statement or that the Spaniards are very much frightened—perhaps the latter.

In fact, the atmosphere of the counting-rooms of the Cuba merchants is rife with rumor; and it does not require a very keen sense of smell to scent filibusterism in the air. At the time of the Lopez expedition, which ended so disastrously, the Spanish officials were apprised of every movement by well paid spies, who pretended to embark with great zeal in the enterprise for the purpose of betraying it. We would not be astonished if the same thing happened now. But the spies recently arrived here, in "bran new clothes," may have come too late.

From The Sun.

We seek to raise no idle excitement. We have good reason for the belief that if the flame of revolt has not already been kindled in the island of Cuba, it will be before the end of this week. The Cubans have, by many bitter disappointments, realized the truth of the poet's lines, that—

"Who would be free
Themselves must strike the blow."

Therefore, ever since their abandonment by Quitman and others, their betrayal by professed friends in the United States, and the squandering of the resources of revolution which they had collected, they have devoted themselves to a new plan, in which the initiative and the first effort for freedom should be *exclusively Cuban.* Upon this basis they have organized patriot clubs throughout the island, and the members count by thousands. Their co-patriots in the United States have aided all their plans, and will share with them in the dangers and the glory of the struggle for Cuban rights.

All the stories set afloat about the organization of American expeditions are wide of the truth. This last is a pure Cuban movement. The first of this month was the time fixed by the clubs throughout the island for a general rising; and, unless their plot has been discovered, or some untoward event has happened, they are now in arms against their oppressors.

The New York Convention of Cuban patriots—a small but determined band—sailed on their dangerous mission in the latter part of March. If the patriots in the island had not already risen on the day fixed, the landing of the New York Convention would be the signal for revolt. Arms and ammunition have been provided, and all are bound by a solemn obligation to stand by the cause until victory crowns their effort, or the last man has fallen. Most of the Cubans who have gone from New York are young men; many of them sons of the leading men of the island, and all fired with the determination to free their native soil, or die in the attempt. They go forth taking their lives in their hands.

THE TESTIMONY OF AUTHORITY.

THE strong language used by Dr. Cheever, in reference to the Churches, is bold and startling. He lately said, "Take away the respectabilities of wealth and fashion, and they will become a stench in the nostrils of the world." Dr. Cheever is one of the most evangelical of evangelical divines; high in his own sect, eminent before the world, he knows what the Churches are.

Do the Churches, then, inclose filth, the effluvia of which is disguised by the odor of sanctity? Does corruption fester in the holy place? This is the opinion of people outside of the Church; and when it is asserted as a fact by unquestioned authority, who shall dispute it? If "the Church" is answerable for the sins of its individual members—if their righteousness is the outgrowth of its nature—then its pretensions are false and its professions hypocritical. But a thing may be excellent, and yet be misunderstood; or it may be worn as a cover for ugliness while itself is beautiful.

We know many persons who, when dealing with church-members, always sharpen their wits to meet deception. This prevailing idea is especially mischievous when "the Church" is identified with Christianity. But, if the Church is a nest of uncleanness, the filth is not chargeable to Christianity. The mal-practices of the Churches affect not the value of Christianity; nor do their misinterpretations of Christ's precepts falsify His words.

Christianity is the safe rule of life; the Church is a number of people professing to be governed by this rule. The difference between the two may be as great as can be between a rule and its non-observance. Churchmen often act foolishly, wickedly. An instance of this is given in the recent attempt, in Boston, by bodily torture to compel school-children to read our Protestant version of certain Scripture texts. Had the act been done by Catholics, what a cry would have gone up from the Protestant world! And properly, too. Yet, we ask any candid person, is not that attempt to force our opinions on others opposed to the spirit of Christianity? Sad is the spectacle of Truth crucified by her friends. Well may the people wail.

When saying our daily prayers, it would be well for us to repeat daily to our conscience, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."—*Life Illustrated.*

WHAT MISS REMOND HAS EFFECTED IN WARRINGTON.

To the Editor of The (London) Anti-Slavery Advocate.

WARRINGTON, March 18th, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: Our friends will rejoice at the results of Miss Remond's labors here. The following address, agreed to at a crowded meeting held in the largest public room in this town, signed by the Mayor, the Rector of the parish, and the member of Parliament for the borough, and by 3,522 other inhabitants of all ranks and classes, accompanied by a donation of one hundred dollars, has been sent this day to William Lloyd Garrison for the aid of the American Anti-Slavery Society. I may add that no address on any subject has ever been more numerously signed in this town, nor with greater good will, than this. We hope that the people of the United States will go and do likewise.

I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,
W. ROBSON.

ADDRESS

FROM THE INHABITANTS OF WARRINGTON AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The principle that man cannot hold property in man appears to us so reasonable and of such universal application that we are ready at first to believe it must also be of universal practice. But when we are painfully reminded that in America men and women, of like passions with ourselves, are bought and sold, and treated as chattels, it is difficult to reduce our remonstrances to a set form. We think nature herself should resent the outrage. It is hard to coin our hearts into arguments, to twist our feelings into logic, and with words to vindicate the stamp of God.

Inasmuch, however, as slavery has grown up, through generation after generation, as an institution of America, and as thus what is an outrage may be looked upon as a product of nature, we will attempt to frame an appeal.

By our common humanity, which slavery insults—by the one origin, one probation and one end of all men, be they black or white—by that one God who sits above the consciences of all as universal Lord—and by that final account which, without distinction of master or slave, we must all render up at the great day—by these considerations we appeal to you—to you who now ply this unlawful traffic, that you relinquish it forever—and to you who are engaged in the noble work of abolition that you go forward, conscious that you have with you the great heart of England, that in your highest enthusiasm keeps equal pulse with yours, and, if it were allowed to speak out, the great heart of man.

We make this appeal not in the spirit of dictation, but of friendship. We recognize the common brotherhood of all men; and this appeal is lodged with our white brother on behalf of him who is no less our brother, and whose equality, as it is established in nature, we would desire to see established in universal recognition.

THOS. G. RYLANDS, J. P., Mayor of Warrington.
WILLIAM QUEKETT, Rector of Warrington.
GILBERT GRAENALL, Member of Parliament for the Borough of Warrington.

The address has also received the signatures of 3,522 gentleman tradesmen and other inhabitants of Warrington and neighborhood.

ROBERT GASKELL, Sec'y Warrington Anti-Slavery Society.

A NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE LOOKING UP.

To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Advocate.

EDINBURGH, March 21st, 1859.

DEAR SIR: Subjoined is a copy of the resolutions passed at the last meeting of the Edinburgh Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society in reference to a "National Anti-Slavery League." The project seems to meet with general approval in this quarter, and we hope the step taken here will soon be followed throughout the country.

The Leeds Anti-Slavery Society was judged the fittest to take the initiative in this matter. Leeds is central in its situation, and is provided in its Town Hall with every convenience for large public meetings, while it contains at least as many tried and active friends of the cause as any other of equal extent in England. Were, then, each Society throughout the country to send to the Leeds Anti-Slavery Society an expression of its opinion on this subject, they would soon be guided as to the further steps they should take.

RESOLUTIONS.

It being the opinion of this meeting that the anti-slavery cause in this country, as represented by the various associations, is too disjointed to exercise the full amount of influence which lies within its power; that the Societies are working too much single-handed, and without the mutual aid and encouragement which the case demands; that Great Britain has her own field of labor in the struggle, which cannot be worked by our brethren in America; and of which it is sufficient here to mention, the importance of lessening the premium which her commercial demands put upon the slave, by developing the resources of free-grown produce; and the taking a determined stand against our Christian principles being dragged in, to countenance the support of slavery;

Resolved, "That this Society give its strenuous support to the organization of a 'National Anti-Slavery League,' with an annual conference, based upon the same principles as the American Anti-Slavery Society, which also holds a general yearly assembly; the object of which League shall be to diffuse, organize and direct the anti-slavery spirit of this country; and work out Great Britain's special province in the struggle; endeavoring at the same time to redouble the aid already given to our fellow-workers in America.

"That the various Societies be addressed upon the subject, and urged to take immediate steps in the matter.

"That the LEEDS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY be specially written to on the subject, and requested to take the lead in the movement, by calling as early as possible a Conference of all the Societies of this country."

SOUTHERN RETALIATION.

PHILADELPHIA, April 11, 1859.

You are aware, aforetime, of the rank repudiation which Mississippi has been guilty of for so many years past. Knowing her infamy, it is matter of wonder that any Northern merchant should trust his merchandise, unpaid for, in the custody of any of her repudiating citizens. Yet one of our merchants did unfortunately and unwisely do so to the amount of some $4,000. The buyer turned out a scamp much sooner than was expected; in fact he is believed to have been a cheat from the beginning. The creditors sent out an estimable gentleman from this city to collect the debt if he could, and if not, then to arrest him for fraud, and by virtue of a requisition from our Governor to bring him here for trial. Well, on reaching Holly Springs, and the object of his errand becoming known, the whole community, officers of justice included, turned out in a body to prevent the man being arrested, threatened the messenger with summary lynching, and quickly drove him out of the place, first compelling him to promise never to return again for any purpose whatever. The plea of this infamous dishonesty was that whenever a Mississippi slaveholder came to Philadelphia for a fugitive chattel, our citizens nullified the law and let the chattel go free. Now, this plea, unfortunately for our good name, is a downright lie. The Fugitive Slave law has never been resisted here, our Federal Bench having been seated with pliant tools chosen at Southern dictation on purpose to administer its utmost vengeance. Even last week, when Webster's case excited our people beyond all former example, no attempt at rescue or intimidation was hinted at. On the contrary, when it seemed probable he would be remanded to Virginia, a subscription paper was started to raise money to purchase his freedom, and a considerable sum was subscribed before the decision was known. Yet, in the face of this obedience to the law among us, another case of Southern repudiation has just come to light. One Carter, belonging to Alabama, charged with having obtained $2,500 worth of clothing from the house of Waples & Co. of this city, by false pretences, was pursued by an officer bearing a requisition on the Governor of Alabama for the surrender of Carter. The officer arrested him and took him to Huntsville. Here the Court-house bell was immediately rung, and at this signal the mob rushed in, and, with furious threats, took Carter away, defying the officer to resist them. One man alone interfered to protect the officer, who was next day driven out of Huntsville. The reason given for this outrage was because an Alabama kidnapper had been caught and punished at Pittsburgh. Is it not strange that, with such conduct as this before them, our merchants should be so unwise as to trust even a dollar's worth of goods among a community so utterly demoralized?—*Tribune.*

MADAME WHITE-MARIO ON SLAVERY.

To the Editor of The Evening Post.

SIR: I have just seen your paper of the 30th March, containing the account of the slave case in the Criminal Court at Washington, the details of which your correspondent closes with these words:

"It will do now for our local journals to call attention to the sufferings of the Italian patriots; and if Mme. Mario were only here, I dare say she might collect a weeping audience—if she would agree not to say anything about *American* slavery."

Whether the reproach implied in these words be intentional or accidental, I know not; but I do know that it behooves all who plead for freedom in this country to place their sentiments on negro slavery "above suspicion." Allow me to state, therefore, that I abhor oppression in any form and in every form, equally whether it be of Italian, of negro, of sepoy, or of serf. I have always affirmed in my lectures that "I believe liberty to be the innate, God-given right of every human being on the face of the earth, not the peculiar privilege of any nation or any race." By a reference to the report of my Washington lectures in THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD of Feb. 19th, it will be seen that the correspondent of that paper particularly noted this fact, and I am sure that any Southerner who heard me speak, in public or in private, will acquit me of "agreeing not to say anything about American slavery."

If I undertake to lecture on the Italian question, it is because I have studied that question in all its bearings; because I have formed my opinion not only on the iniquity of Italian oppressors, but also as to the ways and means of emancipation—how far the Italians must work out their own salvation—how far the friends of liberty can aid their efforts. Not so with the question of negro slavery. While I am convinced of the iniquity of slaveholding, never having been South, I can form no opinion as to the capacity of the slaves to emancipate themselves; and while thoroughly sympathizing with the noble work of the *true* Abolitionists, I am not sure how far that work can proceed towards its goal without the coöperation of the slaves. Were I to say more than this, until I have had time and opportunity to study the matter thoroughly, I should lay myself open to the charge of empty declamation—though, if any American will show me how I could help on this vital question, I should gladly avail myself

nevertheless, have a dislike to the system of bondage, and a strong hope that it will not be extended. For the existence of this feeling, the South is mainly answerable. It has been forced upon the North by a series of aggressions, and a repetition of arbitrary demands, which, when complied with, have only given place to something bolder. The purchase of Louisiana and Florida, the annexation of Texas, were solely accomplished for the purpose of extending slavery. The Mexican war followed as a sacrifice for the same purpose; Arizona has been purchased to add to its domains; and California, it was hoped, would have become a part of the same territory. Cuba is hungered after for no other purpose than to extend the area of bondage; and wherever new lands are coveted, there slavery, it will be found, has already marked out its estates. The original compact between the States never provided that the bounds of the republic should be extended merely to satisfy the avarice of the supporters of this institution. The fathers of the republic—those who belonged to the free States—were willing to protect the occupants of the slave States in all rights which they had at the adoption of the Constitution, but they did not give their consent that prosperity should be bound to increase those rights. Slavery was patriarchal at the time of the Revolution and afterward; it is now becoming migratory, mercantile and unfixed. Slaves are now bred like cattle, to be raised and sold by the graziers and drovers who own them; and the system, instead of being as it was, one of families, is with many a mere method of traffic. With the growth of this avaricious spirit on the part of the Southerners, the insolence of their political demands has increased. The Democratic party seems now to exist for no other purpose than carrying out the demands of their Southern taskmasters. The Missouri Compromise, a treaty which had existed to the satisfaction of the North, was faithlessly abrogated to please the South. The Dred Scott decision was made to please it by superserviceable Judges. Then came the struggle in Kansas, as aided by the prostitution of the Federal Government to the great Moloch of human misery. Can it be wondered at, in consideration of the constant aggressions of the South upon the rights of the North—the increasing boldness of its demands—the peremptory and commanding tone which it assumed—is it a matter of surprise, in view of the fact that the laws against the barbarous slave trade are set at defiance, and that the whole of the Southern States seem united in encouraging a horrible and unchristian traffic, that the feelings of the freemen of the North are becoming more and more averse to the whole slave system? The gradual alienation of the North from all sympathy with human bondage is the natural result of the long series of aggressions which have been dictated by Southern statesmen, and acquiesced in by doughfaced Democratic (?) politicians belonging to the free States, who have been willing to sell their rights and those of their constituents for the dirty rewards and plunder of office. The constant wrongs and invasions which have been dictated by the Slave Power and submitted to by the dominant party have had and are yet to have their effect in the total destruction of that party and the reconstruction of another.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

REMOVAL.—The office of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD will be removed, on or before the first of May, to the Park Bank Building, No. 5 Beekman street, adjoining Lovejoy's Hotel.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the City of NEW YORK, in the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, 448 Broadway, on TUESDAY, May 10th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., and continued, by adjournment, at the same place, on TUESDAY evening, and WEDNESDAY forenoon and afternoon.

The sublime and beneficent object for which this Society was organized yet remains to be fully consummated. No matter how numerous the difficulties, how formidable the obstacles, how many the foes to be vanquished, slavery must cease to pollute and curse the land. No matter whether that event be near or remote, whether the taskmaster willingly or unwillingly relinquish his arbitary power, whether by a peaceful or a bloody process, slavery must die. No matter though, to effect it, every party should be torn by dissensions, every sect dashed into fragments, the national compact dissolved, still, slavery must be abolished. If the State cannot survive the Anti-slavery agitation, then let the State perish. If the Church must be cast down by the strugglings of Humanity to be free, then let the Church fall. If the Union cannot be maintained, except by immolating human freedom on the altar of a bloody tyranny, then let the Union be dissolved. If the Republic must be blotted out from the roll of nations, by proclaiming liberty to the enslaved, then let the Republic sink beneath the waves of oblivion, and a shout of joy, louder than the voice of many waters, fill the universe at its extinction. Against this declaration none but traitors and tyrants will raise an outcry. It is the mandate of Heaven, and the voice of God. It has righteousness for its foundation, reason for its authority, and truth for its support. It is simply asserting the supremacy of right over wrong, of liberty over oppression, of God over man.

There must be no compromise with slavery—none whatever. Nothing is gained, every thing is lost, by subordinating principle to expediency. The spirit of freedom must be inexorable in its demand for the instant release of all who are groaning in bondage, nor abate one jot or tittle of its righteous claims. By one remorseless grasp, the rights of humanity have been taken away; and by one strong blow, the iron hand of usurpation must be made to relinquish its murderous grasp. The slave Power cannot be conquered by compromise, stratagem, or bribery. Its dying throes will convulse the land. The conflict admits of no parley. No flag of truce must be sent or received; no quarter must be given or taken.

Animated by these sentiments, let there come up to this anniversary a large and spirited gathering of the members and friends of his Society, resolved upon a fresh consecration and still more effective efforts to accomplish their mighty undertaking.

A strong array of able and eloquent speakers may be expected on the occasion. [Particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

STEPHEN H. GAY, WENDELL PHILLIPS, } *Secretaries.*

BE NOT DECEIVED.

IT has been well said that tyranny is no better nor more tolerable exercised by "my lords the brethren" than by "my lords the bishops." Yet we see that Church power everywhere—whether vested in a Pope, in a bench of Bishops, in a Presbytery, or in a single untitled man, who claims to speak with authority as the ambassador of God—seeks to draw and subjugate all things to itself; seeks, like Aaron's rod, to swallow up all other rods.

The Society of Cincinnati, established by the officers of the revolutionary army of the United States, immediately after its war for independence, and designed to perpetuate hereditary honors among their descendants, was vehemently protested against, as the germ of a future aristocracy. But an aristocratic institution recently founded by the Church, and already influencing and educating great numbers of the rising generation, is suffered to go on without alarm or protest. We refer to the institution called the "Young Men's Christian Association," the central idea of which is that church-members, as far as the business and relations of that Society are concerned, are to have the estimation, the honors and the substantial advantages of *high-caste*. Any young man of good moral character (that is to say of good moral character according to the Church's scale, which excludes a common drunkard, but not a slaveholder, a slave-trader or a slave-breeder) may have admission into the Society by paying his dollar; but the church-member, paying no more, takes at once, and *ex officio*, high rank in the Association; he is regarded as one who "has attained"; he is a voter, and eligible to office; he is one who may be invited to open or close the meeting with prayer; he is of the class whence come those who are to decide on the admission of members, to select the books for the library, the papers for the reading room, the lecturers who may be invited to address the Society, and the purposes to which its funds may be devoted. The plebeian member is to sit quietly and see his dollar disposed of, see the voting which is to decide whether his intimate friends may be admitted to the Society, see the question decided whether the vitally important subject of slavery may or may not be brought up for discussion and action, and see the officers chosen who are to control the selection of books, newspapers, magazines and lecturers for his reading and hearing, and all without lifting a hand. The whole organization and influence of the Association tend to impress upon him how small are the rights of a man, how great the rights of a church-member; and the whole affair is ingeniously arranged to cause him to aspire to initiation into this *high-caste*. Great numbers of young men, in all our cities and large towns, are now growing up under these influences, and getting their minds warped by the inevitable tendencies of such an Association.

What these tendencies will become, when ripened and perfected, we may see in the characters of those mature men who have come to the same result by other means, the clergy of our country. Take the best specimens of them—the men who, seeing the indifference of their brethren to any movements against slavery started by *laical* hands, are endeavoring to attract them to act in that direction through a "*Church* Anti-Slavery Society"; see how, even in the act of pointing out a need which exists through the gross unfaithfulness and sin of those same clergymen, they recognize *them* as, nevertheless, the persons who are to legislate, to lead, to influence and to control in regard to this subject. They know that the Church (under the leadership of the ministry) is the great bulwark of slavery. They acknowledge that no power would avail to sustain slavery in the State if it were not sustained in the Church. And yet, speaking of that very Church and ministry which have confirmed the American nation in their persistent maintenance of slavery, these clergymen announced (in their "Declaration of Principles" at Worcester) that these same traitors to religion and liberty were still to be recognized as leaders and guides, saying

"THE Church and THE Ministry to form the conscience of the nation in respect to slavery, and to make it loyal to the Higher Law, against all unjust judgments of Courts, and unrighteous legislation of Congress"!

How can this be, when the preaching of that very ministry has been the chief instrument of giving efficiency to those unjust judgments and that unrighteous legislation? How can this be, when the great mass of that very ministry preach down the Higher Law, and preach up the duty of obedience to that human code, as a whole, in which the Fugitive Slave law is contained. Very few of the clergy, either in this State or in Massachusetts, would sign the petition recently circulated in both States, praying their Legislatures to apply justice and humanity to the persons now outraged by that infamous law; and one clergyman to whom we individually presented it gave this reason for his refusal to sign it—"I am a law-abiding man!"

The holders of this clerical office have so long represented it as "sacred," and have so long sought to secure the estimation of its chief supporters, the Church, as a *high caste* in the community, that they have imposed even upon themselves, and have come to regard the official rank as of more importance than the character of the incumbent, and to judge of written or spoken language more by pietism in its style than by justice in its idea. We might safely judge, by the utter disregard of truth and justice shown in Nehemiah Adams's "South-side View of Slavery," what his preaching *must be*; Mr. Choate has told us what his preaching *is*; namely, something suited to give rest and comfort to a man of the world who keeps clear of unpopular vices. The character of Dr. Adams's six or eight pious books probably does not differ very materially from the character of that twenty-five years' preaching respecting which Mr. Choate gives the testimony above mentioned; but these books are so devoutly phrased, so beautiful in their pious flights of fancy, and so well adapted to keep up the idea that the Church is the ante-chamber of heaven, and that admission to it is the one thing needful, that *The Independent* puffs them as zealously as *The Observer*; and, through this authentication, they pass through numerous editions, and stand, clad in gold and purple, the ornaments of every church-member's parlor.

If even those clergymen who are thoroughly awakened to the detestable character and the pernicious influence of slavery are yet so far blinded by their long habit of exalting THE Church and THE ministry as to assume that their pro-slavery character is compatible with a Christian character, and that their leadership is so indispensable that slavery must continue until *they* are ready to apply themselves to the work of overthrowing it, how essential must it be to resist the beginnings of all compromise which gives quarter to slavery in consideration of accompanying piety; which treats Netherland with more indulgence than Legree, and which forgives all South-side aberrations in one whose cravat and whose countenance, whose prayers, sermons and sacramental speculations stamp him so decidedly as "evangelical."

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: I thank you for placing Dr. Cheever's disclaimer of the sentiment and the expression which I attributed to him (in an account of the "Christian Anti-Slavery Meeting," so-called, published in *The Liberator* and copied in last week's STANDARD) side by side with my statement. It is my desire, as well as my duty and interest, to make correction, as speedily as possible, of any erroneous statement.

I rejoice also that Dr. Cheever's character and life have been such that I can take his denial as conclusively settling the matter, and as proving a mistake on my part in attributing to him the sentiment in question. I have no reason to expect from him such dishonesty, direct or indirect, as the policy of the "Tract Management," of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and of the editors of *The Independent* and *Observer* would oblige me to expect from them, under similar circumstances.

Unfortunately, the accidental omission of two lines, not only from the article, but from the very sentence in question, as published by THE STANDARD, makes me seem to cast another imputation on Dr. Cheever's speech. I regret this the less, that it gives me the opportunity of renewing my original testimony that this speech was far the best and most thorough of all delivered on that occasion, and of adding that, since the single sentence complained of was put there by a misconception on my part, the speech was unexceptionable in its anti-slavery character. Here is the sentence, as published in *The Liberator*, the part omitted by THE STANDARD being designated by *italics*:

"The strongest speech on the occasion was made by Rev. George B. Cheever; *the only suggestion made for* ACTION *against slavery, in any part of the meeting, was made in this speech*; and this was a declaration that the voting that all children of slaves should be born free after forty years would be 'the simplest remedy of the whole iniquity that could be conceived of.'"

You will observe, Mr. Editor, that the only part of the above passage quoted as the *words* of Dr. Cheever is the last clause of the sentence. My purpose was, at the meeting, to get as much as possible of the *substance* of his long and rapidly spoken speech; but since I was unable to do this phonographically, or even stenographically, some short expressions must have escaped me, which, intervening between the subject and the object of the last sentence (above quoted), would materially have changed its meaning. The concluding phrase was so strong and so emphatic as to call my special attention, and I quoted it as the very words used by Dr. Cheever; and it then seemed to me (erroneously, I doubt not) that this was affirmed of the "voting" previously mentioned.

I wish it might appear with equal clearness that Dr. Cheever was absent from that meeting of the new "Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States" which "unanimously" voted to confer, in regard to the publication of tracts, with the time-serving American Tract Society at Boston, which advertises itself *not* an *anti*-slavery society, though it pretends to discountenance slavery.

Since I have spoken of the customary dishonesty of the "American Board," this is a suitable place to mention that the grossly deceptive letter of one of its Secretaries, Rev. George W. Wood, upon which I commented in the last STANDARD, has been copied from *The Tribune* into the *N. Y. Evangelist*, and paraded as a triumphant reply to the original charge of *The Tribune*, without the slightest notice of the fact that its reservations, indirections and deceptions were exposed, with comments of just severity, in an editorial article in *The Tribune* immediately after. Such is the accustomed policy of the papers that bear the phylactery "religious." CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,

Boston, April 11th, 1859. 233 Shawmut Avenue.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The rooms of this institution (in Tenth St., near Broadway) were crowded, on Monday evening, 11th inst., by ladies and gentlemen invited to a private examination of the pictures contributed by the artists of New York for the Exhibition of the present year. Few occasions ever bring together so much of the cultivated intellect and the best social refinement of the city as was attracted by this display of American art. The scene, whether we regard the pictures on the walls or the panorama of living beauty that passed before them, was one of great brilliancy and a source of high enjoyment. Of the pictures we can only say now that they impressed us, on the whole, as superior to those exhibited last year. Of some of them we may speak more particularly hereafter.

The Exhibition is now open to the public, and we assure our friends both in the city and the country that it is eminently worthy of their attention.

THE LATE SLAVE CASE.

RESOLVES OF THE PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

AT a stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held April 14, 1859, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas our City and our Commonwealth have been again disgraced by the trial of a man on the charge of being a fugitive slave; therefore,

Resolved, That we earnestly protest against this insult to Pennsylvania, this outrage on Humanity, this heinous sin against God.

Resolved, That while we greatly rejoice that Daniel Webster has been delivered out of the hands of his oppressors, we deeply regret that the reason of his discharge was *not* that he is a man, and therefore has an inalienable right to liberty, but, only, a failure, on the part of the claimant, to identify this man with the slave whom he sought.

Resolved, That while we commend the act of Commissioner Longstreth, in restoring to freedom the man whose cause he tried, we solemnly remonstrate against his course, in permitting such a cause to be tried before him, and in holding an office which requires him to execute that most infamous enactment, the Fugitive Slave statute.

Resolved, That the thanks of the friends of Freedom are due to the defendant's counsel, Messrs. William S. Pierce, George H. Earle, and Edward Hopper, who, without pecuniary recompense, advocated his claim to liberty, with eminent ability and zeal, laboring with unwearied assiduity, by day and by night, in his behalf; and that while we are aware that they desire no other reward than the approbation of their consciences and the successful result of their labors, we would assure them that their services in this cause will ever be held in grateful remembrance by us, the friends and representatives of the American slave.

Resolved, That in the efforts of United States officers to debar peaceable citizens of Pennsylvania from attendance on a public tribunal, upon their own soil—in the pusillanimous threat of one of those officers to arrest three ladies, for the offence of standing quietly in one of the halls of our Court-house, and in the subsequent attempt, by a mob, to wrest the right of free speech from a portion of our citizens holding a public anti-slavery meeting—we see unmistakable tokens of the cowardice and the fury of the Slave Power.

Resolved, That this attempt to kidnap a man on our own soil arouses in us, and should arouse in our fellow-citizens, a determination to endeavor to procure the repeal of the Fugitive Slave statute; and that it summons us to energetic efforts to obtain from our own Legislature the passage of a law which shall prevent the recurrence of such scenes, and forbid that the State of Pennsylvania shall be any longer a hunting-ground for slave-catchers.

THE OBERLIN RESCUE TRIALS.

LETTERS FROM JOSEPH A. HOWLAND.

CLEVELAND, O., April 9, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE public are pretty generally aware that thirty-seven citizens of Oberlin and Wellington, among whom were many of the most respected and prominent citizens, such as Prof. H. E. Peck of the Oberlin Institution, and Ralph Plumb, Esq., a prominent lawyer there and recently a member of the State Legislature, were arrested last fall, charged with rescuing a fugitive slave from a U. S. Marshal and his aids. During the winter another one, W. F. Lincoln, was arrested near Columbus, ironed, thrust into a vile cell for the night, and brought to this city, where, as the others had been before, he was discharged on his own recognizance to appear at the present session of the United States District Court for trial.

This Court is now in session, and the trial of Lorin Bushnell, one of the thirty-eight, was commenced on Tuesday last, before Judge Willson, and, having continued through five days, was this afternoon adjourned till Monday next. The Government has presented its case by the examination of sixteen witnesses, and the defence has already examined seven witnesses.

The facts of the case appear by the evidence to be these: Sometime in January, 1856, the Ohio river being frozen over, one John G. Bacon, of Mason Co., Ky., living within a quarter of a mile of the river, claims that he lost two slaves, John and Dinah, being all of his human cattle, and also two horses; a "boy" called Frank disappearing from the ownership of a neighbor at the same time. The horses were soon after found in Ohio, but the two-legged cattle have not yet appeared to him. In the summer of 1858, Anderson Jennings, a neighbor of Bacon's, while hunting some of his own stray human cattle, discovered at Oberlin a piece of humanity that appeared to him to answer the description of Bacon's lost John. He thereupon arranged with Bacon, as Bacon testifies, to capture John and restore him to the service of his owner, upon condition of receiving half the sum that the recovered chattel might sell for on his return. But Jennings, on the stand, swears that he did not undertake this hunting at the halves, but only as a *neighborly kindness*.

Jennings, duly armed with a power of attorney, and with an assistant Kentuckian named Mitchell, came to Columbus and procured a Commissioner's warrant, which was put into the hands of J. K. Lowe, a Deputy Marshal for the Southern District of Ohio, and then proceeded to the vicinity of Oberlin, to make the arrest. Not daring to attempt it openly, "for fear of the people," he hired a boy of twelve years old, for $20, to decoy John out of the village on pretence of his father's wanting to hire a hand to dig potatoes. The ruse succeeded, the kidnapper fell upon John and took him to Wellington, where they intended to take the cars for Columbus and the South.

The people of Oberlin were in a state of feverish excitement, growing out of the knowledge that kidnappers were prowling about among them, and the belief that Jennings had attempted to capture a colored family a few nights previously; so that when the word came that John had been forcibly and fraudulently carried off, many of the Oberlin people went at once and in hot haste to Wellington, where they found quite a crowd of the people of that place and vicinity collected in consequence of a large fire that had occurred in their village that morning. "There was much people" assembled about the hotel where Jennings, Mitchell and Lowe were holding John in duress, waiting for the train to take them to Columbus. This crowd is variously estimated, as to numbers, by the witnesses; some thinking there were but one hundred and fifty, others counting three, four and five hundred, while Jennings, who testified to great fright, thought there were "more than a thousand men, half or more of them armed with guns, pistols, rifles and knives."

This crowd being desirous of securing the liberty of John, his custodians claimed to hold him by virtue of the writ in the officer's hands; but at length, becoming thoroughly frightened by these "men in buckram," with their pointed guns, they allowed John to pass out of their hands, and he was borne off in a buggy, driven by Bushnell, the first defendant, who is now on trial, and has since been invisible to this hunter-at-the-halves and his companions.

As this Lowe was a Marshal of the Southern District, and Oberlin and Wellington were in the Northern District of Ohio, he was beyond his jurisdiction, and all his acts as an officer were necessarily invalid. The indictments, therefore, drop all notice of the writ and the officer, and charge the defendants with rescuing John from the hands of *Jennings*, who had him in *legal* custody by virtue of the power of attorney, and of J. K. Lowe, who was lawfully *assisting him* in this legal custody, the defendants *knowing* that he was in their *legal* custody. This seems likely to be the turning point of the case. The only evidence of the legality of the arrest exhibited to the defendants was the writ; and that being confessedly without validity, the prosecution can only fall back upon the power of attorney in the hand of Jennings, of which there is no direct evidence that it was brought to the knowledge of the defendants. On this ground there may be an acquittal of the parties, though it is by no means certain. Of the jury but little can be hoped inconsistent with the demands of the Administration, and of the Slave Power that rules the land through the Federal Constitution. As the officers of the Court select the *tale* from which the jury is empannelled, and as they are faithful members of the party that appoints them, they naturally exercise their power of discrimination by putting, as they have done in this case, none but hard-shelled Democrats upon the *tale*; so that, after striking off all that can be legally challenged, those left are as hard as any that have been struck off, and the "struck jury" amounts to nothing favorable for the defence.

The case is very ably managed on both sides, and all the sharpness of legal practice and the science of legal lore are brought in play upon every doubtful point.

The prosecution is sustained by District-Attorney G. W. Belden, assisted by George Bliss, Esq. The defence is managed by Judge R. P. Spaulding, assisted by A. G. Riddle and F. T. Backus, who are among the strongest and most prominent members of the Bar in this city, and who have volunteered their services for these trials.

Many interesting incidents and episodes occur in the progress of the investigation that I have not space here to narrate.

The witnesses for the prosecution, so far as they were parties to and sympathizers with the kidnapping, give their evidence apparently under a great feeling of embarrassment and distrust, as though they had been caught in a dirty job that they wished they were well out of; while the witnesses who participated in the rescue or sympathized in it, some of whom are among the indicted, are bold and outspoken, as though they had been engaged in honorable Christian work that they take pride in telling of. Indeed, all implicated seem entirely to lack that wholesome penitence for their deeds that the government would be glad to have appear in their demeanor, and I doubt not they would rejoice to enact another "Rescue," should an occasion offer, with more boldness and determination, if possible, than were shown in the one for which they are now on trial.

The claimant of "a certain negro slave *called* John" is in court, and a witness in the case. He is a modest, unassuming man in appearance, and was probably a slaveholder more as a victim of surrounding circumstances than from any natural depravity. But his deputy, Jennings, who is also a witness, is a six foot, brutal-looking fellow, with a villanous low forehead, and a shock of coarse, straight hair overhanging a pair of mean, swinish-looking eyes. Altogether he is a fit looking fellow to hunt John G. Bacon's slaves at the halves. The next time he goes hunting, he will probably give Oberlin and Wellington a wide berth.

The citizens of Cleveland and vicinity daily crowd the spacious new court-room to its utmost capacity. And many prominent members of the local and State Courts, and of the Bar, are occasionally in attendance. Yesterday Gov. S. P. Chase spent a half day in looking on, while to-day Hon's P. Bliss, Edward Wade and B. E. Hutchins (J. R. Giddings's successor) were in attendance.

If there is an acquittal in the first case, probably no more will be tried; but if a conviction, the others will be brought on in course. Of the legal merits of the case there is no room for doubt; and if the defendants are acquitted, it will be through some informality or legal defect in the case. It is to be hoped that they will all be convicted and sent to prison, to the end that all may know and feel that Ohio is to this extent a slave State, and subject to the domination of the Slave Power, as is every State that is a party to the United States Constitution.

J. A. H.

SHIRLEY, ERIE Co., N. Y., April 16.

MY appointments called me away from Cleveland before the trial was concluded, and as I am now far away from daily mails and newspapers, I presume the result of the first case will have reached you before I shall know what it is, and before this letter comes to your hand.

The trial is in reality an Anti-Slavery Convention, or protracted Anti-Slavery meeting. It is not, however, exactly a free meeting for everybody to talk who chooses, but those who do talk say pretty much what they choose; and slavery, with all its adjuncts and wickednesses, is boldly discussed and denounced by the counsel for the defence, the evidence and arguments for the prosecution furnishing abundant texts and illustrations for the discussion and denunciation.

The crowded audiences that have attended this protracted meeting of nine days (to be protracted I know not how much longer) cannot fail to be benefited thereby. So many people, and such a class of people, could hardly have been gathered to a regular Anti-Slavery Convention; and although no radical cure for the disease of slavery is presented, yet the exposure of the sin, in all its hideous deformity, before such an audience, cannot fail to do great good. The people of Cleveland and Ohio, as well as of the whole North, can but be aroused thereby to a new determination of resistance to this diabolic power that rules over us. If to the discussions and exhibitions of this trial could be added the conviction and imprisonment of the entire party of rescuers, what a glorious work for freedom would be done thereby, and how the people's eyes would be opened to the iniquitous character of the government which they support and of which they are responsible members!

The evidence in the case was all completed on Tuesday forenoon, the seventh day of the trial, and in the afternoon Judge Bliss, for the prosecution, made the opening argument on that side, which occupied two and a half hours, and consisted of a lame attempt to show that the evidence was consistent and complete in substantiating the allegations of the indictment. It abounded in vile insinuations and coarse slang directed against "Oberlin," the "Higher Law," and "those people who were opposed to the execution of the laws of the United States." He gave also the history of the compromises of the Constitution, and argued the necessity of their being made at first and kept now, quoting Judge McLean of the U. S. Supreme Court as saying that this provision for the recapture of fugitive slaves underlies the formation, the present existence and future perpetuity of the Federal Union.

At the close of his harangue, Mr. Riddle, for the defence, addressed the Court and jury three-quarters of an hour, till the adjournment, and on Wednesday afternoon concluded, having spoken nearly five hours in all.

In opening he took boldly, and defended at length, the "Higher Law" ground, saying that no man who repudiated it could be either a good citizen or an honest man! He claimed that all perrons who took upon themselves the obligations of the lower law governments should take them subject to the Higher Law, to keep the lower law when it did not infringe the higher, and when it did to break the lower, and receive its penalty. And this he called true allegiance to governments!

He then proceeded to argue upon the facts of the case as they had appeared in evidence, claiming that the power of attorney, by which the indictment alledged that Jennings held John, was invalid from the fact that it was not executed before a Clerk of a Court as the law required, but only before a Deputy Clerk, not known by the law of 1850, and not shown here to be an authorized officer of the Court. Then the parties holding John at Wellington did not claim to hold by the power of attorney, but by the writ in the hands of officer Lowe; and as the indictment charges the rescuing of the slave from the legal custody of Jennings, and as *this* legal custody was not made known to the rescuers, the government had failed to show that the defendants *knowingly* rescued him from *legal custody*.

The conflicting evidence as to identity was then commented upon; the claim of Bacon being for a copper-colored negro, five feet eight or ten inches high, weighing one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty pounds, while the man they seized was black, five feet four or five inches high, weighing from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty pounds. The people of Oberlin, believing that a free man had been fraudulently, brutally and illegally seized and taken from among them, naturally and spontaneously rushed to the rescue. Without combination or conspiracy, they acted promptly, as all would act who had human feelings and sympathy; and the evidence did not show that they had acted illegally.

His address not only *riddled* that of Mr. Bliss, and the case of the prosecution, but abounded in many passages of brilliant eloquence. As with great power he declared that, law or no law, if the panting fugitive came to him for succor and protection, he should have it to the fullest extent, so help him the living God! the densely packed audience burst out in loud applause.

This applause somewhat disturbed the equanimity of the Court, and the audience were notified that it must not be repeated, Judge Belden, the District Attorney, saying that if such demonstrations were repeated he should move for the commitment of all implicated. Judge Spaulding of the defence said that it would be a large committal, including the counsel for the defence. I hope, said Mr. Belden, that the counsel for the defence did not participate in the offence. We did, said Mr. Spaulding, and justify it, too. Then, said Mr. Belden, you will be the first to be committed. We are ready, was the reply, and would like to see your thousand men with their bayonets (alluding to a previous remark of Belden's, that they could easily bring a thousand armed men, if need be, to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law).

Judge Spaulding commenced his argument on Wednesday afternoon, and on Thursday morning, the ninth day, was speaking when I left, having then spoken three hours and a half.

As he is nearly or quite at the head of the Cleveland Bar, in age, experience, legal reading and ability, he speaks with almost the authority of an oracle, and is treated with great deference by the Court, as, with great force, he scathes the Fugitive Slave law and all its supporters and adjuncts, saying things that in other and younger mouths would be construed into contempt of Court.

He took boldly the "Higher Law" ground, saying that, however men might sneer at it, it existed, and they must submit to it or perish. He cited Napoleon the First, as saying, when about to march his army into Russia, in reply to the remark of some one that man proposed and God disposed, "I propose and I dispose"; and yet Napoleon found, in a few short months, that a power higher than himself had disposed of his army and finally of him. He quoted Jefferson's recognition of the Higher Law, where he says, "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, and that his justice cannot sleep forever; the Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with the oppressor."

He argued, at great length, the unconstitutionality of the laws of Congress for the rendition of slaves, reading copious extracts from historic and legal documents in support of his position; and when he was speaking of the ruling of the early Courts upon a given point, Judge Willson reminded him that that point had been overruled by the present Supreme Court. "I know it," said Judge Spaulding, "and I hold their ruling to be *supreme*-ly ridiculous, contrary to all law and precedent. I can read and understand the English language as well as these Judges, and better than Judge Taney, and I repudiate their ruling." He then proceeded to expose and denounce the great and unchecked power that the Constitution gave to the Supreme Court, saying that it was unparalleled in the civilized world; that it had stretched its Briarian arms around us till we have hardly any vestige of individual or State rights left. He said that he did not argue these aspects of the case with any purpose of changing the ruling of the Court or any expectation of affecting the decision of this case, but for the purpose of showing his own position, and to *Agitate*! AGITATE! AGITATE! till right be done and wrong is overthrown.

Judge Bliss had said that this law endangered no one but fugitive negro slaves; but, said Judge Spaulding, it is not so—all are endangered by it. Slavery knows no color; and if these usurpations are allowed to continue, there is danger to our children and their posterity. There is a boy (pointing to a boy of twelve years old, near the Judge's bench, and who now strode up in sight of the audience), with lighter complexion and eyes, with fairer, straighter hair than that of the District Attorney, and yet six months ago he was a slave in North Carolina. If such as he may be slaves, who may not be?

Something, said he, has been said of the political proclivities of these defendants, as though it were a crime to have different views from the present administration and its officers. But I hold it a virtue to differ from them—I differ from them, and pride myself in it. I am a Democrat, and I worked with the party more years than either of the gentlemen of the prosecution, and until allegiance to this inhuman law was made a test of Democracy. I was a Democrat in 1848, and voted for Cass, when Judge Bliss was voting for Van Buren and the Free Soil ticket; and since I left the party, and within a few years, the District Attorney has solicited my aid in securing his nomination for Governor of this State, on the ground of opposition to this law, which he is now enforcing! He has taken the pledge, and "thrift will follow fawning." He could not hold his present office without a pledge to sustain and execute this law, neither could your Honor sit upon the bench of this Court without the same pledge!

These men are charged with opposition to this law, but they are not alone in this opposition. Multitudes are with them, and I hope the whole North will be. Oberlin is not alone. Cleveland held a large and enthusiastic meeting in Sept., 1850, in opposition to it, and a series of resolutions denouncing the law in the severest terms, as unconstitutional, illegal, tyrannical and oppressive, and pledging the fullest resistance to it in all its forms and exactions, was reported and adopted unanimously. Upon the committee who reported these resolutions was his Honor H. V. Willson, now sitting as Judge of this Court. The reading of these resolutions, with the announcement of their paternity, produced no small sensation in the Court, and the Judge appeared to feel the awkwardness of his position.

All these bold assaults and points of Judge Spaulding produced their effect upon the audience, who were only restrained from open and loud applause by the overawing power of the officers of the Court.

J. A. H.

CONVICTION OF BUSHNELL—EXCITING SCENES.

From The Cleveland Leader, April 16.

THE Court convened yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and a verdict having been agreed upon by the Jury, they came in and took their seats. The prisoner being present, the question was put by the Court:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have, your Honor."

"What is your verdict, Mr. Foreman?"

"Guilty."

The room was filled with spectators, who heard and received the verdict with quietness.

The District-Attorney called the name of James Langston as the next case. The defence remarked that they were ready in none of the other cases except that of Prof. Peck. The Attorney insisting upon that of Mr. Langston, Mr. Spaulding thought they might be ready with that case by the time the new Jury was ready to proceed.

Judge Willson said the present Jury was one struck and selected for the term, and it was proper that they should try all the cases.

Mr. Backus remarked that he was astonished to hear his Honor intimate that this Jury, who have sat through and upon this case, heard all the testimony, and who have now in the presence of the Court rendered a verdict, in which their minds are made up and fixed upon all the important points in the case, are to be held competent to try another case almost exactly similar. The ownership of John, whether he owed service to Bacon, whether he was the same John, whether he was legally or illegally arrested by Jennings, and whether he was held by virtue of the power of attorney or by the warrant, all these points had been heard and determined by these men; and could it be pretended that they would come to another trial with no opinions formed in their own minds? Why, it was an unheard of and a most villainous outrage on the sense of justice of the civilized world, and no one of the defendants would so stultify himself as to attempt a defence before such a Jury. He had never known or heard of such a mockery of that justice which should prevail in every Court. It was a terrible, not to say a monstrous, proceeding, the like of which had never been known since Courts were first in existence.

The Court remarked that the Jury would decide each case upon the evidence offered in that particular case, and there was no occasion for excitement or intemperate zeal to be exhibited, as the rule would be enforced.

Judge Spaulding then announced that if a Jury who had settled upon a decision upon every important point except identity were expected to try every case, then the District-Attorney could call the accused up as fast as he pleased and try them, for neither would they call any witnesses for the defence, nor appear by attorney before such a Jury. "Very well, then," replied Judge Belden; "then I ask the Court to order these men all into the custody of the Marshal."

The Court then ordered the Marshal to take the prisoners into custody, when Judge Spaulding requested that their recognizances might be cancelled.

Court now adjourned to Monday morning at 10 o'clock, the counsel for the defence giving notice that they should consider it their duty to challenge the Jury at that time.

Immediately after the adjournment the room was cleared of all save the following persons, who had been called up by the Marshal as the accused (a few had previously gone to Oberlin, on permission of the District-Attorney), their counsel and Marshal:

James Langston,	Wilson Evans,
John Watson,	David Watson,
Simeon Bushnell,	Eli Boyce,
Lorin Wadsworth,	James Bartlett,
Robert Windsor,	Matthew Gillett,
Jacob B. Shipherd,	O. S. B. Wall,
John H. Scott,	Daniel Williams,
Ansel W. Lyman,	Henry E. Peck,
W. E. Lincoln,	James M. Fitch,
Henry Wilson,	Ralph Plumb.

These gentlemen, being gathered together, were requested by the Marshal to enter their recognizances for their appearance on Monday morning. This being objected to, he, on his own authority and responsibility, offered to let them go home, if they would give him their parole of honor that they would return on Monday morning, with the exception of Mr. Bushnell, whom he would be obliged to retain. Through Prof. Peck, as their spokesman, and according to the advice of their counsel, they passed several resolutions, by which they agreed, after due consultation, to inform the Marshal that, inasmuch as the District-Attorney had placed them in his custody, they would remain there until relieved by due course of law. They would give no bail, enter no recognisance, and make no promises to return to the Court.

They said this with hearty thanks to the Marshal for his courtesy in his treatment of his prisoners.

This decision having been made known, the Marshal informed them of the necessity of placing them in confinement, to which they made no objection. All this time the outside passages and halls (the doors having been kept locked) were crowded with an eager crowd, watching and waiting for an insight into the Temple of Justice, and awaiting for the exodus of the prisoners. At length the door opened, and the Marshal, arm in arm with the venerable and white-haired Mr. Gillett, headed the procession, while after them came the culprits, two by two, with their shawls, carpet bags and valises, all armed and equipped for a few days' visit to Wightman's Castle. Distributed through the procession walked the Deputy Marshals, consequentially handling their stout canes and marching with solemn tread as guardians of the peace and security of this "Glorious Union."

On arriving at the jail, they were kept waiting for some time in the rain, while Sheriff Wightman called upon the County Commissioners to receive orders as to opening the doors of his residence to such a delegation of the citizens of Lorain County. When he returned, he answered that he could not take the men as prisoners, but would open his sitting-room to them and make them as comfortable as he could. He was unwilling to take men as prisoners for doing just what he would have done in like circumstances. They were accordingly taken into the sitting-room, where they were as well taken care of as the case would admit.

They occupy the upper rooms of the jailer's department, and are not thrust into the cells. Sheriff Wightman did all in his power to provide beds for his guests, and we presume they passed the night comfortably. We happened to call in upon them last night about the hour of retiring, and found them just attending evening devotion. Prof. Peck read from the Bible a chapter especially addressed to those in bonds and affliction, and after a social hymn, offered an eloquent prayer for their support and encouragement. Such men

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXLVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent prorogueth the General Court—And commendeth it to a Season of Humiliation—And why—He laudeth the Invention of making job-work of legislation—He illustrateth and proposeth a statue to the Inventor—He telleth of the wisdom in their generation of the legislators and of the Veto of Governor Banks—He describeth the Canonization of St. Tommy Wall—Also Justice's Justice and the Maine Law in a new edition—And is oracular as to Public Instruction—He is Epic and Homeric in describing the War of the Post-office—He findeth a new thing under the Sun and is politically exegetical—He defineth his position, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, April 18th, 1859.

SINCE I wrote you last, our Great and General Court has arisen and gone its way home. This it did on the eve of our Annual Fast-day, the hours of which lenten season I trust it spent in humiliation and penitence for the follies it did and the good it left undone. Not that it was the worst we ever had, by any means. It was rather weak than wicked. It was not without good dispositions, but without sagacity, firmness and pluck. If it had only had a competent leader and director, it might have been led into the way it should go. But all the strength there was in it lay in Mr. Caleb Cushing, and, as he is strong enough where the work to be done is only bad enough, it is no wonder that the poor stupid, blundering Republicans were driven before him like sheep before a big bull-dog, just the way they should not go. So the Personal Liberty bill has had leave to withdraw and the Webster Statue leave to enter and taken possession of the public grounds. Had Mr. John A. Andrew, of this city, who dry-nursed the Republican babes and sucklings last year, only been there this year to guide their toddling footsteps—as he ought to have been—neither of these blunders, which are much more vexatious, if not worse, than crimes, would have been committed. At least, *I* don't believe they would, and as, like the Duchesse de la Ferté, "*ce n'est que moi qui aie toujours raison*," as I am the only person who is always right, of course it would have been so.

By the way, I think our invention for paying our legislators by the job instead of by the day is an amendment on yours of limiting them to a certain number of paying days. If I am not mistaken, your Collective Wisdom draws three dollars a day for one hundred days; and if they do not get through their work in that time, they must finish it up for nothing. Now, we give our operatives three hundred for the whole year's work, be the same longer or shorter, and the consequence is it is done up with despatch, inasmuch as the sooner it is over the better the job. Formerly, when the pay was by the day, however long the session might be, the game was to wiredraw it out with the finest tenuity to the greatest possible length—piously including Sundays and other holidays, when nothing was done, within the circumambient embrace of the pay-roll. The effect which this happy discovery hath had is something marvellous in the retrenchment of the time of the sessions. The inventor certainly might take out a patent for so useful an invention, and I think is entitled to a statue to correspond with that of Mr. Webster, when set up, who, assuredly, never did anything half so useful to the State. Our fellows, however, thought they could amend the amendment, and, as there is to be an extra session in September, I believe it is, passed a bill giving themselves three hundred dollars a-piece for that work, in addition to what they had already sacked! This session is to act on a Revision and Codification of the Statutes, to be prepared in the interval by a Committee, and need not be long, and, as it will come at a time of year when our bucolical lawgivers will be busy with their farms, it probably will not be long. So this proposition to help themselves to full pay for what might turn out to be but half work was of a refrigerating coolness, which perhaps accounts for the backwardness of the spring hereabouts. But Governor Banks manfully put his foot upon it and sent it back with a suggestion that they had better wait till the work was done, and, as they had the sense to see that they would put their foot in it if they passed it over his Veto, they prudently "let it slide."

Then I believe the concluding ceremonies of the canonization of Saint Tommy Wall, the boy-martyr who endured scourging rather than deny the faith delivered to him by Father Wiget, his spiritual director, have been celebrated since I wrote last. The measure of "Justice's justice," as Fielding calls this sort of thing by way of distinction from the genuine article, dealt out by Justice Maine of the Police Court, was to the amount that the School Committee had not exceeded their power in introducing a Protestant test into the public schools, and that Tommy had been licked strictly according to law. Whatever may be thought of "Maine Laws" in general, I trust that this particular Maine Law will be scouted out of our jurisdiction with the least possible ceremony or respect. As the defendant was discharged, I suppose no direct appeal could be taken from this decision of our Justice Shallow. But it might be brought before the Grand Jury, or an action for damages might be instituted against the master, and, in this way a case be made up for the Supreme Court to pass upon. I should like to know, for one, whether or not conformity to ritual observances may be enforced by torture in Massachusetts, at this day—for this is the real *gist* of the matter. Saint Tommy, I see, has been comforted by testimonials and presents from your holy city as well as from our own; but I think it is a duty the Catholics owe to the public as well as to themselves to have this question thoroughly sifted and finally settled. It can be settled finally, whatever the intermediate decisions may be, only in one way, and that is by the limitation of public instruction to what alone the State has any business with, viz., to secular teachings only. I believe there is sense enough left in the people of Massachusetts, if not in Boston, to bury this *rump* of Know-Nothingism where it will never be seen or heard of again.

The great battle of the Post-office, of which I told you the beginning, is not yet won on either side. About every day we hear conflicting rumors as to the likelihoods of the issue. Jove himself, on the Olympian heights of Washington, has hung out his golden scales in air and is pondering the event which is to decide whether State street or Summer street shall prevail in the battle.

"The doubtful scale long nods from side to side,"

and it is now thought that Postmaster Capen and his speculation will fly up and kick the beam. But it is not sure, by any means, inasmuch as we have heard the same sort of thing several times before. It is, at any rate, a defeat which is pretty much the same as a victory for him. For his rent for his building must be deposited in specie in the sub-treasury before he can be required to budge, and, according to his reading of the law, he can move back again as soon as Congress comes together next December. His manœuvre, whatever may have been its object, will have one good effect at least, that of giving us a good Post-office. The old den in State street, where the blear-eyed clerks sorted our letters by gas light at high-noon, has been swept, garnished and enlarged, so that the accommodation will be ample and excellent, if the office be carried back. While, if it stay where it is, the conveniences are much better than we have had before, and vastly beyond anything you can brag of in the old Dutch Church you have desecrated to the service of the World. So that those of us who have no real estate to nurse either in State street or in Summer street will have reason to be obliged to Mr. Capen, whatever his final fate may be.

There has been one thing new under the sun here within the last week, and that was the celebration of the birth-day of Jefferson by the Republicans. The Democrats had held a feast in his honor on All-Fools'-Day at Salem—his birthday, according to the Old Style, coming on Saturday, the 2d, and, as that is an inconvenient day for a public celebration it was held one day in advance. Considering the profligate Centralism (for I will not dirty an honorable word by calling it Federalism) of the modern Democrats, it was not unfit that their impudent glorification of their own abject denial of the doctrines which alone form the glory of Jefferson, should be discounted on April Fools'-Day. Men grovelling at the feet of a slaveholding General Government, and swift to sacrifice any State Right that the slaveholders covet to wipe their feet on, presuming to name the name of the Apostle of State Rights and to call themselves by his name! It is no wonder that they were incensed at the presumption of the Republicans in holding a Festival of their own on the real Anniversary of his birth. It was as trenchant a rebuke as could be given them. It is odd how the chances and changes of fifty years have made the Democrats of this day actually what those of Jefferson's day railingly accused the Federalists of being—conspirators for the accummulation of all power in a strong government at Washington. In the untried condition of things succeeding our Revolution, and especially as seen in the fierce glare of the eruption in France, hastened, if not caused by it, the men of character and substance not unnaturally thought that danger to person and property lay in the poor men close at hand, if they had the political power in their control, and so wished a strong central government. The real danger to liberty in the political supremacy given to the few rich men of the South was not then discerned, and did not become generally understood until Slavery had bestraddled the neck of the Nation, as the Old Man of the Sea did Sindbad's, and made it fetch and carry for it at its pleasure.

However, this is not the place for political disquisitions. If I have any tediousness of that kind to bestow on your readers, I will borrow a turn of your editorial pulpit for the nonce. The dinner was held at Parker's—the Delmonico's of Boston—and was an entire success. This I am told, for I was not there. For some unexplained reason, I was not invited to take part in the proceedings, and, of course, I had too much self-respect to muddle away my money in buying a ticket. But even if I had been, I hardly think I would have got over my early ingrained dislike of Jefferson sufficiently to take part in a feast founded in his honor. You see I was born and bred an old-fashioned, Free Trade, black-cockade, blue-light, Hartford Convention Federalist, and, being, I thank God, constitutionally a tolerably good hater, it would be rather hard for me to swallow Jefferson even with the best of dinners for sauce, though I am far from having any objection to them in the abstract. I flatter myself that no man is more free from personal, social and political prejudices than myself, but I must say that I *do* hate a Democrat. However, that is nothing to the purpose. The speeches, I am assured, smacked very strongly of anti-slavery and contained opinions which, if carried out in the political action of the party, would go near making it good for something. It is to be hoped that whatever was earnest in the spirit of the speakers will not evaporate with the fumes of the feast, but become crystallized into deeds. Mr. Schurz, of Milwaukee, seemed to make the deepest impression on the listeners on that occasion, both by his remarkable eloquence and his extraordinary mastery of the English tongue. He is one of those foreigners whom our sapient Republican legislators propose to drive away from themselves in order to conciliate the miserable remnant of the Know-Nothing faction! Bah!

D. Y.

TWO MOVEMENTS IN ONE CAUSE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: Two pamphlets are before me—the "Platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society," 1855, and "The Church Anti-Slavery Society: Proceedings of the Convention held at Worcester, March 1st, 1859." Here are two movements in the same cause; and if the former is defined by its platform, I cannot but exclaim, "Why is the latter necessary?" Does the latter assert new truths or principles? Is it more comprehensive, all-embracing in its benignant and Christian purposes? Let the pamphlets speak for themselves.

But it may be said the Church Anti-Slavery Society emanates from a different quarter—Orthodoxy. I grant you this fact makes the movement a startling one. It is indeed *startling* that Orthodoxy should take grounds against any great, popular and organized wrong. But when Orthodoxy wheels into the lines to battle for freedom, must she be a little arrogant and make war upon the old tried friends of truth as well as upon the common foe? Must she be maliguantly mindful of the severe invectives justly uttered against her in the days of her defection and infidelity, by the old advocates for freedom in the American Anti-Slavery Society, and construe them all against her present self-gathering, as she now is, about Truth's banner? Must they be a little worshipful of their new leader, who, for a long time indifferent to the conflict, nursed his orthodoxy, but now appears with lightning-mounted brows, and must he be the Achilles of the day, his armor celestial, his might terrible, his frame invulnerable? Let us see: Mr. Garrison began his career in 1826, and was at that time a strictly orthodox man, and, I believe, only relaxed his sympathy for orthodoxy because orthodoxy had no sympathy for the oppressed. He has been an avowed Abolitionist thirty-three years. Dr. Cheever has been an avowed Abolitionist five years. Since Mr. Garrison became an Abolitionist, he has unceasingly, and in the name of God and humanity, lashed the Church. So has Dr. Cheever. Both have thundered in the language of the old prophets. Both have done their utmost to disseminate God's truth in reference to this great sin. Dr. Cheever has been philological, exegetical, and has reconstructed the Scriptural argument in reference to Hebrew service. His masterly explanation of the Hebrew system marks *an era*, and orthodoxy must refute it, adopt it, or become fit only for the dunghill. Others claim the honor of making the same explanation; nothing need be said upon this point; Dr. Cheever's book and exegesis must be passed upon.

But wherefore a new Society? Your platform is broad enough to admit Dr. Cheever, his book, his orthodoxy and all his friends. You desire to unite all for one special purpose, to abolish slavery. The Church Anti-Slavery Society desires the same thing. They will admit Unitarians, Universalists, Garrisonians, etc. You will admit Calvinists, Armenians, Catholics, etc. You go for free platform and free speech; so do they. Both platforms are equally broad. There is nothing of the mean spirit of exclusiveness and sectarianism about either of them.

With this view of the case, what is to prevent the union of these two Societies under the name of the elder—the gathering of all sympathizers with the slave about one standard, the erection of your own valuable paper into the Anti-Slavery organ, with Dr. Cheever and Mr. Beecher as contributors? This would push your circulation up to 50,000 and bring the consolidated anti-slavery sentiment of the land to bear upon the evil.

ORTHODOX.

New York, April 12, 1859.

POLITICS.

The *Springfield Republican* thinks that Gov. Chase of Ohio is "scarcely a possible candidate for the Presidency next year"; and that, "taking the elements and the issues of the opposition, as they stand to-day, and as they seem likely to drift into form a year hence, the Republicans will not be likely to make their choice for leadership outside of William H. Seward of New York, Nathaniel P. Banks of Massachusetts, and Edward Bates of Missouri." Gov. Seward, it thinks, is "more the synonym of the Republican party than any other man; and without doubt he is the first choice for the Presidency of more men who wear the badge and glory in the principles of that party than any other of its statesmen." It says, however, that "the question of failing with Gov. Seward, and succeeding with another man, will come up, and be discussed"; and "if he is the Republican candidate, a like division to that of Fremont and Fillmore in 1856 seems now inevitable." Gov. Banks, it thinks, may be a stronger candidate. He "is only less identified with the Republican party than Gov. Seward; but he represents more nearly its conservative elements; and he was an old Democrat, as Gov. Seward was an old Whig, and sympathized and acted with the American organization during its temporary career, while the New York statesman was uncompromising in his opposition thereto. These facts would commend him the more readily to certain portions of the Fillmore party of 1856, and also render it easier for anti-Lecompton Democrats to come into his support than to Gov. Seward's." Of Mr. Bates the *Republican* says: "Should the Republicans of Missouri present him to the Republican National Convention, and back him with the promise of the electoral vote of that State, the request could not be lightly treated or easily disregarded."

The anti-Lecompton Democrats of Pennsylvania held a large and enthusiastic State Convention at Harrisburgh one day last week. The principal speaker on the occasion was the Hon. John W. Hickman, M. C. from the Chester District, who struck the key-note of the proceedings, and whose scathing denunciations of Buchanan and his followers were applauded to the echo. It is worthy of special observation, as a sign of the times, that his remarks on slavery did not fall below the highest standard of the Republican party, as expounded by Gov. Seward at Rochester. In this respect, though not a Republican, he is in advance of many of the leaders of that party in Pennsylvania. The following extract from his speech is significant:

"Those who stop to talk of conciliation and compromises between us and the self-constituted oracles of the Democratic party can have but a feeble appreciation of the real condition of things. When you can harmonize light and darkness, integrity and corruption, the patriotic devotion of the private citizen to the principles of our government, with a tyranny worse than that of the middle ages, it will be time enough to cry 'peace.' Let this truth be made prominent—that there is an eternal antagonism between freedom and slavery. The constitution of the human mind and the human heart makes it inevitable; and the one or the other must eventually gain the ascendancy. The struggle between them, but just begun, is now going on in our midst, and he is but a superficial observer who does not discover it. We have acted honorably—benevolently. For long, long years we have defended the chartered rights of our Southern brethren; we have even conceded their exactions; we have given them all the advantages springing from unequal legislation; we have changed policy to suit their notions of interest; until, having grown fat, they demand as a prerogative what we granted as a favor; and having found a President without affections, a sworn officer not afraid of perjury, willing to back their pretensions, they would now treat us as a common enemy, and brand our names with indelible infamy. They have done more—they have gone farther; they have come amongst us, and bribed cupidity with gold, ambition with promotion, and vanity with temporary consequence, to do violence to justice. Longer forbearance not only ceases to be virtuous, but it becomes cowardly and base. The North has rights, long in abeyance truly, yet not lost; we will save them; by wails and fire and blood, if needs be, we will save them."

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19th.

THE smoke of the battle has passed away and our atmosphere is once more clear. It was a bloodless fight, but none the less glorious on that account. Quite the contrary. It is the boast of our enterprise that up to this time no Abolitionist has stained his hands with the blood of an opponent. We have passed through years of intense excitement; we have lived through tempests of rage and passion; we have been mobbed, calumniated and persecuted times and ways without number; we have been subjected to all sorts of contumely and have had every feeling of our nature outraged, but thus far, thank God, we have been enabled, at least in overt act, to deport ourselves in consistence with our professions. "Our principles," says our Declaration of Sentiments, "forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage; relying solely upon those which are mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds."

On the abstract question of non-resistance there is a variety of opinion amongst us, but on the concrete issue as to the proper means of promoting the anti-slavery cause all true Abolitionists are of one mind. "Our measures," to quote again from the Declaration, "shall be such as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption; the destruction of error by the potency of truth; the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance."

But the opponents of slavery are not all Abolitionists, and thousands and—now—tens of thousands join in condemning these fugitive slave outrages, who acknowledge no allegiance to our cardinal principles. Some of these, during the recent trial, were eager for fight, and at the attempt to suppress our meeting at Sansom Hall could with difficulty be restrained. While the case was pending there was a strong feeling among the outside spectators in favor of a rescue. People who usually discourage attempts of this kind seemed to think that in this case it might be expedient. At no time, however, after the morning of the first day, could the experiment have been made with any reasonable hope of success. On that morning it might possibly have been accomplished, and it was on the point of being tried.

Daniel, having no assurance of hope from his counsel, intimated that he would like to have, as he expressed it, "a chance on the pavement." This was made known to a capable and trustworthy person, who, quietly replying, "he shall have a chance," went his way to seek his associates. At about 15 minutes past 10 o'clock he and they met at the door of the Commissioner's office, but just in time to be too late. The case had been adjourned to another room and the golden moment had passed. Their purpose had been simultaneously to seize and hold the arms of the Deputies—taking their chance of being shot—and let the prisoner escape. A carriage had been provided, which was standing near, to facilitate the enterprise. Happily, as it has since proved, they did not arrive in time. The prisoner had been removed, and the Divinity which doth shape our ends was reserving him for a more sure deliverance.

As the trial proceeded bands of determined men were quietly organized to take the man out of the hands of the officers. It is well they were not called into action. Their efforts would have been futile, for on the side of the oppressor there is power. The Marshal, anticipating probable resistance, had provided himself with ample force to meet it. Strong reserves were placed at different points where they would be likely to be needed. The marines were not put in requisition, but numerous "specials" were sworn in, prominent among whom were McMullen and other leaders and followers of what is known as the "Fourth Ward crowd." A collision with reckless and desperate men of this description could only have ended in disaster.

At Sansom Hall, too, where the mob came to put down our meeting, we were happily governed by peaceable counsels. Some neophytes advised resistance; others, not fully converted, were armed with dirks and revolvers. Others again, making no profession of our faith, indignant beyond their power of endurance, were for an onslaught upon our insolent invaders; but the veteran Abolitionists, men and women, were quiet and composed. They kept their seats, ready, if the appointed guardians of the peace should fail of their duty, to weary out their enemies, as they had often done before, by enduring patience.

Happily, and for the first time in the history of our movement, the police did their duty. Mayor Henry, not Mayor Swift, was at the head of our city government; public sentiment was not what it used to be; the Chief of the Police was an upright officer, and we were spared the wrong and the city the disgrace of another mob triumph. The Mayor's Reserve, as soon as informed that their presence was needed, was on the ground. Waiting for an overt act, as soon as the leaders made a move for the platform to take possession of the meeting, the officers were at their heels and took possession of them. Quite a number were arrested and carried to the watch-house. Some were discharged immediately; others, unable to obtain bail, were kept there till morning. They were then bound over to answer, but no one appeared against them. Our friends were satisfied with the suppression of the riot and had no desire for vengeance.

There were a good many squabbles around the court-room, and several rows, in a quiet way, at the American House, where staid the claimants and their party. The guests at that hotel are chiefly from the South, though there are enough among them from the North to make a decent stand for Pennsylvania and impartial liberty. A friend who was stopping at this house tells various stories of slight collisions that took place while he was there, and among them the following:

The Southerners were saucy, and especially the "F. F. V.'s." One of the latter said, in a loud voice, "You can't get a Northern man to take an insult"; whereupon a little Pennsylvanian jumped to his feet—it was at dinner—and called upon the Virginian to "Stand up! for," said he, "I don't strike a man when he is sitting, but stand up and I'll knock you down!" The Virginian, having no desire to get lower, kept his seat, and the quarrel was finished on his part in a more subdued tone.

The feeling of satisfaction—I should say exultation—at the result of the trial is almost universal. It is not simply joy at the escape of a slave, but exultation at the triumph of Liberty. We are delighted that Pennsylvania has so far recovered her self-respect and her ancient regard for human freedom as to be able to affront the Slave Power in a pitched battle, and come off more than conqueror. "Three cheers, and three times three, for our glorious old Commonwealth!!"

The friends here-away, until the last few days, have been on tenter-hooks lest our victory should be marred by the recapture of the prisoner. It was understood, on credible authority, immediately after the trial, that writs had been issued to take him a second time, and so intense was the chagrin known to be of the defeated party that it was believed no pains would be spared to accomplish their purpose. As a consequence our friends became nervously apprehensive, and all sorts of maledictions were uttered in advance upon the man who, from false security or other cause, should allow Daniel to be retaken. As this feeling may still not have entirely subsided, allow me to say that a telegram was received last week from an agent of the Underground Railroad at a point where that road begins to crop out on the surface, indited in these words, "*Saw your man Daniel in Canada last night.*" From the same agent a letter has been received to the same effect, with this in addition:

"I was much interested in Daniel. I left him well and he seemed to be happy. He wished me to say to you, and through you to the friends who did so much for him, that he thanks you all for getting him out of his great trouble; for getting him out of the hands of thieves."

So much for Daniel Webster. It is a comfort to know that he "still lives," and that with as fair a prospect of immortality as his "god-like" predecessor.

A good deal is said by some who ought to know better about what they call the "unlawyer-like" manner in which this case was conducted by the counsel for the defence. This is sheer nonsense. A lawyer shows his skill by managing his case in the manner most likely to give it success. Brewster kept clamoring, like Shylock, for "the law—*the law!*" The counsel for the prisoner showed their good sense by meeting his demands with the requirements of "justice," "decency," "honor," "humanity," "Pennsylvania self-respect." It was thus that they had him at a disadvantage; and it was thus they gained their cause. They might have resorted to much less creditable means and still stood justified by the usages of their profession. You remember the advice of the old London barrister to his young associate, when the latter, hurried suddenly before the court, said—"I have no case—what shall I do?" "Abuse the plaintiff's witnesses," was the veteran's reply. So in this very case, while the trial was in progress, an old practitioner at our Philadelphia bar happening to meet the junior counsel for the defence, said: "That's right; fight 'em up; be impudent; say extravagant things; that's your card." This was the advice of one lawyer, as such, to another; and if I were to mention his name, it would be a sufficient justification with many both of the advice and of the course pursued by the party to whom it was addressed. The truth is, the management of this case on the part of the counsel for the defence was as creditable to their professional skill as it was to their humanity.

The claimants left the city immediately after the decision. Mr. Brewster, not forgetting his public statement that he would "levy no black mail," let them off on the receipt of their note for $100; this, with the cash retainer of the same amount, being deemed by him a sufficient compensation for his services under the circumstances. They had to borrow money to pay their hotel bill. It is to be hoped they have returned to their homes "wiser" as well as "sadder" men.

In addition to the fees above mentioned, Mr. Brewster was treated to a small ovation in the way of a pro-slavery serenade. This occurred the night after the decision, the party getting it up having evidently been moved thereto by a similar demonstration the night before in honor of the counsel on the other side. Mr. Brewster appeared at the window and made a speech, which was said not to have been complimentary of the Commissioner and to have been very uncomplimentary of Mrs. Mott and those "who associate with her." How far this is true we are not informed by the public papers.

In addition to the causes which have been heretofore referred to as helping to bring about the happy result we are now rejoicing over, there is one which has not been mentioned: that is, the refusal of the South, in certain recent instances, to deliver up to the North offenders against their laws. One of these instances was marked by circumstances of peculiar aggravation, and was as follows:

There is a Philadelphia house, trading under the title of Hoskins, Heiskell & Co., known to men in business as *par eminence* a Southern house. Mr. Thomas B. Young, distinguished for his devotion to Southern interests, is a member of this house. So ardent has been Mr. Young's zeal in behalf of the cause, that it is said that any reflection upon slavery in his presence was regarded by him as a personal insult. Well, this house of Hoskins and Heiskell was "done" out of three or four thousand dollars' worth of goods last fall by a repudiating Mississippian. Mr. Young, accompanied by an officer, and with a requisition from the Governor, went after the delinquent to bring him to justice. Reaching Mississippi, his requisition was countersigned by the Governor of that State and a warrant put into his hands for the man's arrest. The man was taken, but the people of the place—Holly Springs—demurred to his surrender. They called a town meeting, and, appointing counsel for both sides, went into an investigation of the case. They found the papers all regular and had no doubt of the correctness of the charges alleged. But said they, "we shall not give him up. Philadelphia has refused to surrender our fugitives; we shall not give up hers. More than that, we require that the warrant of arrest shall be burned in our presence and that the party bringing it shall give bonds that he will leave the State never more to return."

It will readily be imagined that protestations long and loud were raised against this conclusion; but the Mississippians were inexorable. The paper must be burned; the bonds must be given. And so, without further demur, the paper was burned, the bonds were given, and Mr. Young has returned to Philadelphia to tell the story.

The facts of this case obtained publicity about the time of Daniel Webster's capture. Is it to be wondered that the thickest skinned and most insensible Philadelphian was ready to revolt? The idea that we, slave-catchers of slave-catchers, a city that has sent back more alleged fugitives than all other cities of the North put together, the city of Ingram and Kane, of Alberti and Kline, should be thus served, was more than even Market street human nature could bear. So we said to ourselves, in our bitterness, "We are fools; it serves us right; it is dramatic justice; we have ground in the prison-house of the Philistines and received no wages; we have served the Evil One and been cheated out of our pay. We have deserved it all. But it is time that this thing should come to an end. If, hereafter, we are to be kicked by our Southern brethren, let us, at least, have the consolation of thinking that they do it surreptitiously. Don't let us turn ourselves voluntarily to the toe of their boot, and actually invite their assaults!" Thus thought and thus spake Philadelphia. Her ancient good name and self-respect resumed its sway and—Daniel Webster was discharged.

This a long letter, I know, and it comes late; but you must allow me a little more space to say a few words about our divided Democracy.

The Lecompton regulars held a State Convention, as I have told you, at Harrisburg, in March. The Anti-Lecompton irregulars held another and a larger Convention at the same place, on the 13th inst. It was an enthusiastic meeting. John W. Forney, Judge Knox, John Hickman, and such like, were among its leading spirits. The Chairman *pro. tem.* characterized Mr. Buchanan's Administration as "the vilest and most reckless that God ever inflicted on a suffering people." John Hickman made a brave speech, and the resolutions were of the anti-Southern, Popular Sovereignty type. The Convention observed a respectful silence toward the Republican party, a circumstance that is deemed significant. Mr. Seward had been in Harrisburg a few days before on a visit to Simon Cameron, whose home is near that place.

Last evening a mass meeting of the regulars was held in this city to ratify the nominations of the March Convention. Josiah Randall presided, and he, V. L. Bradford and W. H. Witte were the chief speakers. Mr. Randall, though a recent convert to Democracy, toed the mark, fair and square. The issues presented by the present conjuncture, according to his speech, were the Fugitive Slave law, the acquisition of Cuba, and the righteousness of the Lecompton Constitution. Mr. Randall was much scandalized by the late trial, and by the "huzzas and serenades" of the exulting victors. The other speakers followed in a similar strain, and apologies for the South constituted the warp and woof of their addresses. Brewster was present, but had learned wisdom enough by his late experience to keep silent.

One word more and I stop. I hear that last week's Philadelphia letter has been made into a pamphlet. I am sorry I hadn't seen it first, as it contained some typographical errors and rhetorical infelicities which ought to have been corrected. It is too late now; but mind—for such grammar as "the sun had *sat*," your proof-reader, not I, must be responsible.

M.

DR. CHEEVER IN MR. BEECHER'S PULPIT.—In the absence of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, was occupied last Sunday, both morning and evening, by Rev. Dr. Cheever. The discourse in the morning was on the Nature and Efficacy of Prayer, as illustrated in the case of the prophet Daniel; and in the evening, "The Logic of the Word of God against Slavery as Man-stealing." The building was crowded at both services. In the evening, the throng was immense; not only the seats and aisles were crowded, but the vestibule was filled with an additional audience, equal to that of a small country church; these remained standing during the entire service, which continued from half-past seven till after ten—a sufficient proof, if it were not already generally known, that Dr. Cheever's preaching is what our fathers called "to great acceptance." We understand that, at the close of the evening sermon, the trustees of the church presented to Dr. Cheever a substantial token of their sympathy and regard.

THE LEGISLATURE adjourned on Tuesday evening. The Personal Liberty bill died in the Senate without being brought to a vote. The battle must be renewed in the next Legislature with a concentrated power and influence in behalf of Liberty that shall ensure a victory.

CROWDED.—The pressure upon our columns is such as to compel us to be silent on several topics of interest, as well as to defer the favors of correspondents. A letter from our Dublin Correspondent, giving a very interesting account of an interview with the Neapolitan Exiles—a letter from our Washington Correspondent, giving us the incidents of a trip to Virginia—and a letter from Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, formerly of Pittsburgh now of St. Cloud, Minnesota, shall all appear at the earliest possible date.

TWENTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the city of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our Bazaar will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active cooperation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S. HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH A. GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

*** The editor of the London *Anti-Slavery Advocate* would confer a favor on the Abolitionists of this country and render a service to the cause, by giving the above notice, or the substance thereof, a place in its columns. Other English journals exchanging with us are also invited, for the cause's sake, to bring the same to the notice of their readers.—ED. STANDARD.

Summary.

A man named Robbins was found guilty of bigamy at Raleigh, N. C., a few days since, and branded in open Court with the letter B on his right cheek—a mark which he will carry to his grave.

The Board of Education of Newark, N. J., has decided, in the matter of the admission of negro children into all the schools of the city, that it is inexpedient to alter existing regulations; but it is suggested that a new school may be erected to accommodate the growing wants of this class.

"Charley," said a father to his son, while they were working at a saw-mill, "what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age, I could go with girls of the first cut." "The first cut is always a slab," said the son, as he assisted the old man in rolling over a log.

NEGRO SLAVEHOLDERS.—A Mississippi paper (at Port Gibson) thus notices the death of an individual of this class, one widow Holly:

"She died owning a thousand acres of good land and thirty negroes. Her husband lived near town very many years, and was esteemed a gentleman. Holly and his wife were as black as any of their slaves, and always conducted themselves well."

The New Orleans *True Delta*, discussing the cruel legislation of some of the Southern States, and the disposition in Louisiana to imitate it, in regard to free negroes, says:

"There is a large native resident population, correct in their general deportment, honorable in their intercourse with society, and free from reproach so far as the laws are concerned, not surpassed in the inoffensiveness of their lives by any equal number of persons in any place, North or South."

A gentleman of England of large fortune—worth £40,000—was indignant with his daughter, an only child, for marrying against his wishes. He quarrelled with her, disinherited her, and left the whole property to his attorney and other gentlemen. His attorney, Mr. Warren, author of "Ten Thousand a Year," went to his co-legatees, got them to sign their claims over to him and then paid the whole £40,000 to the daughter.

The Kansas Election, held on the 26th ult., to decide whether the people would have a Constitutional Convention to frame a State Constitution, called out a very light vote; first, because there was no serious opposition to the call; secondly, because the day was intensely stormy and inclement. So far as we have heard, the vote stands 2,750 for a Convention, to 456 against it. Lecompton and Kickapoo, of unblessed memory, are the only towns which gave a majority in the negative.

U. G. R. R.—The Harrisburgh *Telegraph*, of Friday, April 8, says: "The Underground Railroad has done a good business this week. The reappearance here, on Sunday, of the fugitive slave hunters alarmed five or six colored men, originally from Virginia and Maryland, who have lived here for the last ten years, and by advice of some of our citizens they left for other parts. Two of them, employed at Herr's hotel, were sober, industrious and honest men. They are no doubt in Canada by this time, beyond the reach of the Southern bloodhounds."

Advices from the island of Jamaica to the 23d ult. indicate a disposition on the part of the negroes to give trouble. A new tax was recently imposed in the parish of Westmoreland, to which they were not willing to submit, and some of the boldest among them raised the standard of revolt and committed some excesses in the village of Savannah. Four or five of the ringleaders were arrested, but this only served to exasperate the rest, who insisted upon the release of the prisoners. Five hundred troops were then despatched against them, who found it necessary to resort to bloodshed before the disturbance could be quelled.

MOUNT VERNON CONTRIBUTION FROM A SLAVE.—We find the following letter in the Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel*:

"Mr. Editor: A few weeks ago, my faithful old servant, Maria, having heard me in conversation with my husband respecting the Mount Vernon enterprise, requested me to tell her something about it. I explained the intentions of the ladies, and their wish to purchase. She asked if she might be permitted to contribute her mite—that this was her country as well as the white people's, and that her mother was raised in the vicinity of Mount Vernon, and had witnessed the burial of General Washington—that she had frequently heard her describe it. I told her she might give what she pleased, and this morning, without anything further having been said, she brought the enclosed dollar, with the earnest prayer that the ladies might be successful."

The Washington States rubs its hands over the success of "the non-intervention policy" in New Mexico, "where, instead of being a sickly exotic, slavery will take root in a congenial soil, and flourish of its own inherent vigor."

"Could the most zealous propagandist of slavery desire any other result? And not only does slavery thus secure a firm foothold in the Territory of New Mexico—almost an empire in itself—but the position affords the South every facility of expansion in the very direction most inviting to its institutions. Not only are Arizona and Nevada destined to fall under the sway of the South, but the contiguous States of Mexico will be subdued to the uses of slavery, when in the fullness of time they shall be released from the impotent grasp of the central government.

The Apalachicola (Fla.) *Advertiser* (says *The Tribune*) is very decided in its advocacy of the policy of stealing negroes at first hand rather than of incurring

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

BLACK AND WHITE.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN.

I.

Say, shall his memory lie in state—
A thing of reverence and awe—
Who was unprofitably great—
Who knew no law
Save that his pride upreared—who sold
To sin the power that wisdom brings,
The sceptre mightier than a king's,
For fame and gold?

II.

No! Let the humbler felon go,
But still *he* lives—the god-like fire
Of his great soul, though faint and low,
Can ne'er expire;
And let the expiation be,
Even as the crime immortal is:
The grave may not, for sin like his,
Be sanctuary!

III.

By all the evil that he did—
By all the good he might have done—
By all the glory that he hid,
And all he won—
The indignation of his verse
On him let the true poet wreak—
Of him the just historian speak,
And speak a curse!

THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES.

POERIO, SETTEMBRINI AND THEIR COMPANIONS.

[All our English exchanges unite in one cry of joy and congratulation on the arrival in Great Britain of these illustrious exiles. Public meetings are called, subscriptions are filling up, Committees of Reception are organized. It is the way the British people take to show sympathy with the *principles* of those heroic men who have been the victims of the Neapolitan despotism, in their efforts after Constitutional Government. While these high-minded Italians have been laboring to do for the people of their own land what the Abolitionists are striving to effect for the people of ours, it were well that each band of Liberators should know the other's history. Many among us are but vaguely informed about Italian affairs, and have read, it may be, RUFFINI'S novel, *Doctor Antonio*, without knowing that it was the way he took to awaken the popular sympathy for Italy, as Gladstone had done by his pamphlet, and the lamented Emilio Dandolo by his Historical Report. The XXVth and XXVIth chapters of *Doctor Antonio*, which we now give our readers, are an exact and detailed account of the experiences of these Italian exiles, the story of their heroism and their wrongs.—*Ed. Standard.*]

BEAUTIFUL Parthenope looks coquettishly at herself in her lovely bay, pure as crystal. The sun pours down on the city luminous torrents, that carry light and heat into the remotest recesses; an unceasing human tide rolls over the sunny quays and lava-paved streets, in hot pursuit of business, amusement and pleasure. Everything is bright, everybody smiling, as though Liberty had not been bled to death but yesterday—as though the constitutional parliament had not been sent to hold its sittings in State prisons—as though, at that very moment, Procurator-General Angelillo was not asking for two-and-forty heads!

Only forty-two to begin with! The rest will come in course of time. The scales of Neapolitan Themis run no danger of becoming rusty for lack of use. No one need be uneasy on that score. The number of the imprisoned, for political offences, in the happy kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in this year of grace, 1850, is said, on good authority,* to be somewhere between fifteen and thirty thousand. Assuming the lowest number as the one nearest to probability—assuming that out of these fifteen thousand, two-thirds will be disposed of in a summary paternal way (*economico*, they style it most elegantly)—that is, without any form of trial whatever, there remains a balance of five thousand human beings amenable to justice; enough, it must be allowed, to afford occupation and sport to all the high courts and lower courts of the kingdom, and to the habitual frequenters of all those courts, for some years to come. There are, among others, from four to five hundred individuals imprisoned for the affair of the 15th of May alone, which promises a monster batch.

The one with which we have at present to do is more remarkable for the great variety of the social elements of which it is composed than for its number. All stations, from the loftiest to the humblest calling, have contributed their contingent to the formation of this group. We count among the accused an ex-secretary for the home department, an ex-magistrate, an ex-chief of division in the ministry of public instruction—all three of them deputies; two former captains in the army, the representative of a ducal family, two private gentlemen of education and fortune, one of whom has declined a diplomatic post; several barristers and physicians, four priests, an arch-priest, and sundry small tradesmen, shopkeepers and artisans; a former gendarme, a porter and a domestic servant. They all stand charged with belonging to an anarchical secret society, some of them subsidiarily with having fought at the barricades in May, 1848—an excellent precaution for detaining them for another trial, in case of their being acquitted on this one. A particular charge is brought against a few of having attempted to destroy the existing ministers, and other persons, by means of terrible explosive agents—a single bottle, which has exploded in the breast-pocket of one of the accused without injury to himself or any one else. A blacker set of villains never disgraced the dock of a court, if we are to believe Procurator Angelillo. A more wronged, more ill-used party of honorable citizens never cried to Heaven for vengeance, if precedents and presumptive evidence go for anything in this world. Is it among men of such public and private character as Carlo Poerio, Settembrini, and Pironti—among such historical names as that of Carafa—or among such gentlemen of education and fortune as Nisco, Gualtieri, Braico, etc.—such dignitaries of the church as the arch-priest, Miele, that anarchy recruits its supporters, and crime its abettors? What would you say, oh English reader, to a charge of treason brought against some of your most eminent and respected statesmen, leading members of your houses of Parliament—judges, nobles, churchmen and gentlemen? Well, the men whose names I have just written down, and whom you see introduced into this gloomy hall of the Palace of the Vicaria, manacled and escorted by gendarmes, these men stand as high in the social scale of their country, rank as high as to character and position, as any of your English statesmen, members of Parliament, magistrates, nobles and gentry.

This is the famous State prosecution of the sect of the Italian Unity, which rung from a noble-souled English statesman a cry of indignation soon reechoed by all Europe. The court that sits is the grand criminal court of justice, the highest tribunal in the kingdom. It sits not as an ordinary, but as a special court, with a view to despatch—by which is meant that any of the forms invaluable for the defence may be dispensed with at the pleasure of its president, Navarro—"the delicate, scrupulous, impartial and generous Navarro."† The lugubrious drama is about to begin. The scanty space allotted to the public is crowded, and so is the hemicycle, reserved for privileged spectators, among whom we perceive a closely-veiled lady. The judges are in their seats; in front of them, on a raised platform, sit the accused. They look pale and worn. The place they have been brought from, truth to say, is none of the healthiest, especially at this time of the year in Naples, the month of June. No less than one thousand three hundred and eighty human beings are cooped up, one upon another, without air or light, amidst beastly filth in the contiguous prison of the Vicaria, where our forty-two are confined. We must also take into account a previous detention, for none less than ten months—for many much longer—which they have already undergone. Nor must we forget the proper degree of wholesome discipline applied to body and mind, with which imprisonment on a political charge is invariably seasoned at Naples—a double treatment, for the praiseworthy purpose of eliciting truth, whereof we may hear enough by-and-by for our edification. Evil-minded people might call it "torture," but torture is abolished, we know—at any rate, the name is. No wonder, then, if the accused look worn and sickly. But if the flesh be infirm, the spirit that dwells within is full of strength and energy; at least the air of quiet determination about them—the quiet determination of a garrison who are aware they have no quarter to expect, and prepare to sell their lives dearly—would seem to intimate as much.

On the names of the prisoners being called over, one of them, Margherita (a custom-house officer), rises to retract his former declaration, extorted, he says, through physical and moral coercion, and suggested by the Judge *Inquisitore* himself. Another, Pitterà (a writing-master), declares that when taken out of a *crim-nale* (an underground cell, almost or wholly without light), to be examined in the Castello (dell' Uovo), he was, in consequence of constant privations and repeated menaces, overcome by mental stupor. A third, Antonietti (a custom-house agent), follows, saying that, when interrogated, he was so exhausted in mind and body he would willingly have signed his own sentence of death. If any wish to know more distinctly what kind of pressure it was that could thus unnerve and unman far from sensitive, weakly persons, Pironti, and many besides him, will tell us the particulars. Pironti, a late deputy and magistrate, relates having been in solitary confinement in a dungeon, where he had to lie on the naked ground, amid every sort of vermin, for forty-two days. His hair and beard, by special orders, were shaved by a galley slave. He then underwent an insidious examination from the commandant of the castle, who tried first threats, then wheedling, promising him the royal clemency, to induce him to make revelations, *i. e.*, turn king's evidence. De Simone, a perfumer, was threatened with two hundred blows of sticks, soaked in water. Faucitano (a contract-builder, he of the explosive bottle) was dragged to the Prefecture of Police by twenty Swiss guards, six police-inspectors, and twelve *sbirri*, who beat him, spat on him, tore his clothes, hair and beard. He was kept for two hours at the police-office, bound with wet ropes, then conducted to the castle, thrust down into a dark, damp *criminale*, without even a handful of straw to lie on, and detained there for nine days with no food but musty bread, no drink but fetid water. His first deposition was forced from him by the alternative of receiving two hundred blows. Muro (a servant) was kept for five days in complete darkness, and, when on his way to be examined, a lieutenant in the army, who knew him, told him, as if out of compassion, that unless he put his name to whatever the commissary desired him to sign, he would be ruined for life. On being asked how it happens that he now maintains that he does not know Pironti, after having, when first confronted with that gentleman, at once recognized his person, Muro replies that the commissary had told him beforehand to lay his finger on the one of the four individuals standing in a row who had no moustache; and he had obeyed. Sersale, a merchant, underwent such prolonged fasting that his health is incurably undermined. (The voice of the prisoner is faint, and he can hardly stand.) His wife was kept in prison for five days on bread and water, in order to frighten her into deposing to the truth of the charge against him. Cocozza, a solicitor, signed his interrogatory without reading it over—that being the condition of his release from a horrible *criminale*. The commissary required him to depose to Nisco (one of his coaccused), being the cashier of the sect of the Italian Unity. Caprio, a carpenter, was urged by the commissary, in the presence of the head jailer, and of the turnkey, Carmine Bisogni, to denounce Nisco, and to declare on oath that he (Caprio) had received from that gentleman six thousand ducats, for the purpose of bribing the troops, and was promised his liberty if he did so. Errichiello, the master of a cafe, had been offered an employment worth twelve ducats a month, if he would second the views of the commissary. Duno, a chemist, was not once examined during the ten months of his incarceration.

Carafa, of the Dukes d'Andria, rises to tell a sad tale. When first arrested, his mother was seriously ill. From that time he had received no news of her. He had even been given to understand that all his relations had renounced him. Signor Becchenedda, a cabinet minister and director of police, had come to visit him in prison, and assured him that his matter could be easily arranged, if he would only give testimony against his coaccused, Poerio, on a certain point. On Carafa's refusal, the minister had taken leave of him with these words—"Very well, sir, you wish to destroy yourself—I leave you to your fate!" One night the unfortunate young man had fainted away, and in falling to the ground had injured his right eye. He called for help, but no one came to his assistance. It was whispered about that he was to be transferred to a *criminale* full of most filthy vermin, and that his doom was irrevocable. After a month's imprisonment, under the combined influence of moral torture and of feverish impatience to hear of his mother, his heart failed him, and he wrote a letter, wherein he deposed against some of his coaccused—wrote it at the suggestion of the judge *inquisitore* in the house of the commandant of the castle, under the eye of the commissary. He now retracts all he had written in that letter; nor does this public recantation suffice to set his conscience at rest. He feels the desire and necessity of making further amends for his faults. He wishes to ask for forgiveness, which he now does, in the presence of the judges and the public—of his dear friends, pointing to the other prisoners. His voice thrills with emotion that touches the hearts of all present.

So much for the fair and humane treatment of prisoners, accused of political offences, *before* their trial. Now for a single illustration of the humane manner they are dealt with *during* their trial.

The court has resumed its sittings, which had been suspended for a fortnight on account of the serious illness of one of the accused, Leipnecher, late a captain in the army. The president, Navarro, impatient to go on with the cause, had early that morning, 17th June, summoned the seven medical men attending Leipnecher, and made known to them that the government had come to the determination that the trial should go on at any rate. All he required of them was an answer to a single question: Could Leipnecher be brought into court without danger of immediate death? After having timidly stammered some observations, the doctors answered that Leipnecher had not any fever, and though certainly suffering from nervous irritation, this need not prevent his being present at the sitting, providing he was carried in a chair to the hall, and properly taken care of when there. The president then assumes his seat in court, and, upon a sign from him, a sedan-chair, surrounded by numerous gendarmes, is brought into the hall; the prison attendants lift out of it a sick man, who is utterly unable to support himself; they carry him in their arms like a child, and place him on a chair, arranging two pillows to support his head. The names of the prisoners are called over, Leipnecher's among the number, but he does not answer. He cannot—he bears nothing. At last, urged by his companions, who succeed in rousing him from his torpor, he exclaims, wandering in his mind, "The physicians will not cure me!" Pretending that these words are meant as an accusation against the medical men, the president, Navarro, desires them to be written down in the minutes, and decrees that Leipnecher shall be the first called up for examination. During the reading over of the notes of his previous answers before the *inquisitore* and the Grand Criminal Court, the unfortunate man gives no other sign of life than some mechanical motions. The reading ended, the president asks the accused if he has anything to add, retract or modify. The prisoner utters no sound. The president desires Leipnecher's counsel to answer for his client. This the counsel declines to do, alleging the character of the examination to be one entirely personal to the accused. Navarro insists on the counsel going close to his client, communicating the questions, and transmitting to the court whatever answers he may receive. The counsel, evidently in great emotion, approaches Leipnecher, and immediately perceives that it is impossible to attempt any oral communication with him. The poor creature's forehead is covered with a cold sweat, and the panting of internal agony alone shows that he is not already a corpse. The procurator-general, coming to the assistance of the puzzled president, observes that the physicians' report having been made early in the morning, fever might have come on since then, and suggests the expediency of having the medical men sent for to give their opinion again. In the meanwhile the cause can go on. After a considerable delay, two out of the seven physicians of the morning's report appear in the hall, accompanied by five strange medical practitioners. They are sworn, and, after examining the patient, answer, "That he has fever, and that it is on the increase." The procurator-general wishes to know whether the sick man could not remain in court for another hour without positive danger. The reply is, "That there would be no instant danger, but that the state of the patient is such as not to allow of his remaining longer where he is without serious injury." Upon receiving this opinion, the president declares the sitting closed. This took place on the 17th of June, 1850; on the 22d of the same month Leipnecher was dead.

Let us now gather at random a few instances of the impartiality of the court, and of its religious respect for the liberty of defence.

The subsidiary charge against Poerio is that he fought furiously at the barricades on the 15th of May, 1848. He asked permission to prove that during the *whole* of that day he was detained by the duties of office at the council of ministers, whence he accompanied the actual minister of war, Brigadier Carascosa, to his (Carascosa's) house. He proposed also to prove by unexceptionable witnesses, and by a document of certain date, viz., a report against himself, all written in Iervolino's hand, that he, Poerio, knew Iervolino to be a paid instigator at the time when he (Poerio) was alleged to make Iervolino his political confidant. The court refused both requests.

Pironti is charged with having received, towards the end of October, 1848, a letter full of high treason, at his own residence, *Vico, Ecce Homo*, No. 9. He demands to prove that he had not returned to Naples from Santa Maria of Capua before the 2d of November, and that it was not before the 4th that he had taken up his residence in the house, where, according to the accusation, the letter had been given to him towards the end of October. He is ready to make good his assertion by the testimony of those who moved his furniture, by that of his fellow-lodgers, and by that of his landlord. The court rejects the demand.

Bocchino, a grenadier in the Royal Guard, a witness for the prosecution against Cocozza, is heard. Though he has been decorated by the pope, Bocchino's moral character is none of the highest. It results from certificates, signed by the colonel of his regiment, that the witness has suffered punishment, for various causes, eleven times—for having left his post, for thefts, for insubordination and for attempted rape; he has been twice sentenced to be bastinadoed, once to thirty, the second time to sixty blows. This man deposes to have taken a letter from Mazza to Cocozza—both of them among the accused. He went to Cocozza, gave the letter into his hands, heard nothing about revolutions or sects, and remembers nothing more. The president exhorts him to tell the whole truth, but Bocchino persists in saying that he knows nothing more. Then the president orders the witness's long and circumstantial written declaration to be read. This Cocozza's counsel opposes, and with great energy claims the observance of the law. Navarro desires him not to interrupt the court, but to sit down. At this point, Settembrini, boiling with indignation, rises and asks to be reconducted to his prison. Since even this mere sham defence is to be thwarted, he will not, he says, legitimate by his presence such a continual trampling under foot of all laws, both human and divine. Navarro growls some inarticulate words, and, with the snarl of a mastiff, orders Settembrini to hold his tongue. Settembrini, however, replies with warmth. Navarro repeats his threats of having him punished for his temerity. All the accused rise to their feet with one accord. The general emotion is at its height.

When calm is restored, Poerio gets up and says that public discussion is the crucible in which truth is tried; through it, all the facts gathered in the preparatory written process, whether incomplete, altered or exaggerated, are reintegrated in their purity; through it, all the spurious elements are eliminated. It is, therefore, logically indispensable that any witness called into a public court should himself relate and arrange the facts that are within his cognizance; and when his oral declaration be not in the whole conformable with the written deposition, it is an absolute necessity that the witness's retractions, variations, reticences and hesitations—in a word, all the circumstances capable of affording a criterion of his sincerity—should be clearly registered. If witnesses were only brought forward to give a dry confirmation of their written declaration, then the end and aim of the law would be missed, and public debates would amount to nothing more than to a faint rehearsal of previous private examinations.

Cocozza's counsel quotes Articles 248, 249 and 251 of the Code of Penal Procedure, and submits to the court that a witness called into a public court must give his oral testimony without assistance from his written one, that every addition, retraction or modification of his former sayings must be registered in the verbal process, and that only after this being done, the president may refer him—if the president judge it opportune so to do—to his written declaration. The public prosecutor opposes these demands as unfounded. The Grand Criminal Court retires, and, after an hour, returns with a deliberation, which, admitting that all the additions, retractions and modifications of witnesses are to be exactly set down, declares, at the same time, that the president alone is the best judge of the opportune application of the rule. The court, in consequence, rejects the demands. Thereupon the examination of the witness Bocchino is resumed, his written declaration is read over to him and he repeats and confirms it, sentence by sentence.

Malacarne—also a grenadier of the Guard—another witness for the prosecution, deposes against two of the accused, Cocozza and Brancaccio. Cocozza, rising, protests that he never saw the witness in his life, and desires that the witness should look at him and say whether he recognizes him, Cocozza. President Navarro makes a sign to his witness to turn round, and asks him whether the one of the prisoners now standing be Cocozza or not. The witness, turning round, and pointing to Cocozza, exclajms, "That is the man!" The other accused, Brancaccio, calls upon the witness to identify him also, but uses the precaution of remaining seated. Navarro, before allowing the request to be complied with, orders Brancaccio to stand up. Upon which the latter observes that if he stand up, there is not the least doubt as to the witness singling him out from among his fellow-prisoners. Navarro replies that no one can be permitted to keep his seat while speaking in presence of the court, and that, therefore, he cannot admit the identification unless the prisoner rises.

Calanero, another grenadier, and witness for the prosecution, deposes to having spent a whole day with the accused, Colombo. Mazza, one of the prisoners, rises, and in behalf of Colombo, who remains seated, demands that the witness should identify Colombo's person. Navarro remarks to Mazza that he is not Colombo's mouthpiece, and that, if Colombo has any request to put forward, he must stand up himself. Mazza retorts, that if Colombo, who is to be identified, were to rise, how could any doubt exist as to the identity of his person? Colombo's counsel demands, on behalf of his client, that the confrontation should take place without his client's rising. The Procurator-General maintains that, the witness having indicated the accused by his surname and Christian name, to wit, Salvatore Colombo, the demand of the said prisoner's counsel could not be admitted, since, according to the law, the act of confrontation was to take place only when the person was vaguely indicated. Poerio remarks that the opposite system had been acted upon on the preceding day—*vide* the case above quoted—when a witness had designated Francesco Cocozza by both his names, and yet the president had, nevertheless, authorized his identification. The Grand Criminal Court withdraws, and, after an hour's deliberation, rejects the demand of Colombo's counsel.

Now for the morality of some of the most important witnesses for the prosecution.

Among them stands conspicuous Mauro Colella, one of the witnesses against Poerio. It results from the deposition of a priest, named Mingione, that this Mauro Colella, while at dinner, last year, in Easter week, at deponent's house, confided to him that a *denunzia*—a false charge—was being concocted against Imbriani's brother-in-law, explaining that he alluded to Carlo Poerio. Some time after that, Colella, who lives opposite to deponent Mingione, called to him from one of his windows, and, putting one hand across the top of the middle finger of the other—a significant gesture—said to Mingione, "The bird is limed" (*l'amico c'è capitato*). "Who?" asked Mingione; and Colella answered, "Poerio," adding, "I'll just come over and tell you all about it." In fact, he did go to Mingione's house, and, after relating Poerio's arrest, said that they had entangled that gentleman in such a net that he would infallibly lose his head. And on Mingione's asking what could have induced him (Colella) to denounce Poerio on such false grounds, Colella replied that it was because Poerio had been a deputy and a defender of the nation (*sic*), and would kill everbody if not killed himself; and also because he, Colella, had been promised for so doing a place in the police worth twelve ducats a month. These statements of Priest Mingione, given on oath before the Great Criminal Court, are confirmed and corroborated by the evidence of Mingione's mother and sister. Colella, according to his *fede di perquisizione*—a certificate referring to the judicial antecedents of a person is thus called—has been prosecuted for thefts, committed in his convent, while he was a friar, for perjuries, cheating at play, blasphemy, and he is now in prison under a charge of violent rape.

Francesco Paladino—since dead—witness for the prosecution against Nisco, is noted in his *fede di perquisizione* for thirty-two offences—coining false money, forgery of bank-notes, cheating at play, extortions of money on false pretences, swindling, etc.

Gennaro Fiorentino, another witness for the prosecution, comes in for eight charges of thefts, perjuries and frauds.

Antonio Marotta, witness against Priest Nardi, is noted in his *fede di perquisizione* for false testimony, and perjury in a state prosecution against Canon Colamella, and is actually under warrant of arrest from the Great Criminal Court of Potenza, in spite of which he remained free. This man is the very Brutus of informers. To denounce Priest Nardi, his cousin, was such a mere trifle for him that he had followed it up by the heroism of denouncing his own two brothers. He glories in having done so, as it was in the king's service. The fact is, that Marotta's two unfortunate brothers, unable any longer to bear the disgrace brought on an honorable family by his infamous conduct, had turned him out of their house, and he, out of revenge, had became the accuser of his own blood.

Remains Iervolino, the keystone of the accusation against Poerio, Settembrini and Nisco. We will devote a separate chapter to the evidence of this consummate rascal, and to the various incidents to which it gave rise. They occupied the whole of the fourteenth sittiug of the court, than which none gives a more comprehensive idea of the whole proceedings, none brings out in stronger relief the wickedness and groundlessness of the accusation, the noble attitude of the defence, the cool pre-determination to condemn on the part of the judges.*

* The particulars contained in this and the following chapter are abridgec from a correspondence published at the time by a moderate and ably conducted periodical of Turin, the *Risorgimento*, the only newspaper, that we know of, which warmly took up the cause of conculcated innocence and humanity, and gave all the publicity at its disposal to the prosecution against Poerio and consorts. The veracity of the correspondent, a conscientious eye-witness, may be relied on.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A POOR GIRL'S SYMPATHY FOR THE NEAPOLITAN PATRIOTS.

To the Editor of The (London) Daily News.

SIR: As the procession of the Neapolitan exiles was defiling from Paddington to the centre of London, a young girl, about fourteen years old, poorly dressed and barefooted, accosted a cab in which M. Porcaro, one of the lately freed patriots, and putting a shilling in his hand, then rapidly withdrew, without giving him time to refuse. She next went to another cab, and did the same thing with M. Fanatano, another of the Neapolitan patriots. A third Italian gentleman ran after her, and tendered her back her two shillings, with thanks on the part of M. Porcaro and M. Fanatano, but she refused to take them back. Being asked for her name, she answered, Mary Stevens.

It seems to me that such an act, on the part of a poor girl, is honorable not only to her, but to the country she belongs to. When M. Porcaro related to me this affecting incident I saw a tear in the venerable patriot's eyes. M. Fanatano said to me, "I will make a hole in this coin, and preserve it to the end of my days as a sacred relic." I hope it is not too presumptuous on my part to express a hope that some generous English lady might find out and watch over the education of this young person, who has evidently an angel's soul under her rags.

I am, &c.,

FILOPANTI.

A FORM OF GODLINESS WITHOUT THE POWER.—There are many ministers, good, conscientious, faithful, and who do a certain amount of good in keeping up the forms of religion in their vicinity, who yet very seldom make any very deep and definite mark on any soul. There are conversions, and sometimes even revivals, under their ministry, but they seem to come more from the native yearning and upheaving of souls feeling after God than from any impulse given by them. The most that can be said of them is that they do not hinder and often have skill to guide these aspirations Godward. Many a poor weaver or tinker, in the days of the Wesleys, made a more definite mark on mankind and rolled up a more evident wave of feeling than they.

Now, we say, if this divine enthusiasm wrought so with uneducated men—if it made the common ploughshare and scythe-blade in their unskilled hands a mighty weapon—what would it do might it gain equal power in the breast of skilled and cultured ones—if it guided the use of polished spears and well-tempered swords?

Now, we do not disparage in the least the drill and culture of theological seminaries—the mental vigor produced by that kind of athletic training which is given in theological dialectics. So much the more as a man can make of himself physically, mentally or morally, so much the more has he to give to Christ; but when all is done, of what use is it if he lacks inspiration? An altar-candle may be made of the purest wax, in the straightest mould, with the most orthodox wick, and put into the golden candlestick with every appropriate ceremony, but, after all, what is the use if it never *burns*? A penny tallow candle, that gives light and heat, is then better.—*Mrs. Stowe, in The Independent.*

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

Twelve years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics:
I wondered what they meant by stock;
I wrote delightful sapphics:
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supp'd with fates and furies;
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
Of faded paints and pleasures
Those whispered syllables have brought
From memory's hoarded treasures!
The fields, the forms, the beasts, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces.

Kind Master smiles again to me,
As bright as when we parted;
I seem again the frank, the free,
Short-limbed, and simple-hearted;
Pursuing every idle dream,
And shunning every warning;
With no hard work but Bovney Stream,
No chill except Long Morning:

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball,
That rattled like a rocket;
Now hearing Wentworth's "fourteen all,"
And striking for the pocket:
Now feasting on a cheese and flitch,
Now drinking from the pewter;
Now leaping over Cuslvey ditch,
Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends?—I am alone,
No playmate shares my beaker—
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medler loath'd false quantities,
As much as false professions.
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic:
And Medler's feet repose unscann'd,
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a beauty;
And Darrel studies, week by week,
His Mant, and not his Manton;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now—
The world's cold chain has bound me;
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes around me:
In Parliament I fill my seat,
With many other noodles;
And lay my head in Jermyn street,
And sip my hock at Doodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hobby in a hurry,
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry:

For hours and hours I think and talk
Of each remembered hobby;
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk—
To shiver in the lobby;
I wish that I could run away
From house, and court, and levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day,
Just Eton boys, grown heavy;

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
And dance o'er childhood's roses;
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses;
And pray Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids houris;
That I could be a boy again—
A happy boy at Drury's!

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

ISLAND OF CAPRI, Feb. 19, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: If you will open the Atlas at the Map of Italy, and look south of the Bay of Naples, you will see a still larger bay, called Salerno. Along the shores of that beautiful body of water, dotted with places of historical interest, we have been travelling the last three days, by carriage and boat. I have written an account of our journey as far as Amalfi.

This morniig, at 7 o'clock, we took a good boat, manned by four smart oarsmen and a boy, and started for this island, about 20 miles distant. Our passage was almost as delightful as our ride was from Salerno to Amalfi. The sky was clear, the air mild, the sea not rough, our boat a new and clean one, and our rowers competent to the task they had undertaken. We kept so near to the shore that we could distinctly see the villages, villas and gardens that are tucked in wherever the art and patience of the Italians could contrive to construct them; and the fortresses and monasteries that occupy almost every prominent projection, and many of the most lofty eminences. We frequently exclaimed with astonishment (as we had often done on our ride from Salerno to Amalfi) at the pains which must have been taken to terrace the very abrupt hills, and build rows of houses one above another, or gardens and orchards that seemed to be hung upon the very faces of precipices. One little city—Positarno—containing, it is said, 3,000 inhabitants, appeared to us to be piled up from the sea-side five hundred feet, at an inclination of 45 degrees.

On leaving the Bay of Salerno, at Cape Minerva, we were able to set a sail to advantage, and so we easily ran across, four or five miles, to Capri. Our principal object in coming here was to see the Blue Grotto. But on reaching the island, it was obvious that the wind had risen too much and the waves were running too high for us to be gratified in that particular. However, knowing that there were other objects of interest in Capri, our boatmen needing rest, and being hungry ourselves, we concluded to land. Accordingly, the boat was run upon the beach, and a dozen men and women proffered us their help to get ashore without wetting our feet; and a dozen more pressed upon us their donkeys to ride, and their services to guide us to the Natural Arch and the Palace of Tiberius, &c., &c. Added to these, of course, were women and children urging us to buy shells, and minerals, and old coins, and other relics; besides miserable beggars enough to drain our pockets of all our small change, if we had yielded to their importunities. But we were less annoyed here than we had been at Amalfi and Salerno. At Salerno, though a thriving, wealthy city, eleven most wretched looking beggars surrounded our carriage, the morning we left there, and implored alms in most piteous tones. And at Amalfi, where there are 16 paper mills, 15 maccaroni mills, and 7 soap factories, nearly half the people we met asked us to give them something. Indeed, everywhere in Italy, that we have visited, the abounding beggary of the people throws great discredit upon the government and the religion of the country.

Followed by a retinue of men, women and children, would-be guides, owners of donkeys, venders of curiosities and beggars, we walked from our boat to the nearest decent-looking inn—*The Hotel de Londres*. After settling with our boatmen, who clamored awhile for the whole pay, though they had as yet performed but two-thirds of the service agreed upon, we looked about to see what accommodations we should have, if confined here by stress of weather. The hotel is a low, solid stone building, standing upon the sea shore, commanding a fine view of the Bay of Naples and of Vesuvius, which is now pouring down its side towards us a heavy volume of smoke. The landlord brought out a dirty, ragged manuscript book, filled with the testimonials of a great many persons (some of them distinguished ones) to the effect that they had spent longer or shorter times in The Hotel de Londres, and had been well satisfied. We found we could have clean beds in ample rooms, with stone floors, uncarpeted; and take our meals in a large dining-room, without a fire, opening upon a piazza that overhangs the beach, through a door that serves the purpose of a window, and therefore is half the time open. Not knowing that we could do better elsewhere, we concluded to make a trial here. In due time we were served with a pretty good lunch, and then started out to see what was to be seen.

Our guide took us first up a continuous succession of long stone steps, to the village of Capri, two hundred feet above the level of the sea, where live about 3,000 persons, crowded together in the manner of Italian towns. In the midst is a picturesque Cathedral, which we entered and surveyed for a few minutes. We were thence led through a long, narrow ascending street for about half a mile, when our guide took us off the street, and, by a blind path, down a precipitous descent of nearly half a mile, which brought us in sight of the so-called "*Natural Arch*," in the midst of huge masses of fallen rock, and under fearful-looking craggy cliffs. No description can be given of the scene. The wildest, roughest part of the shore of our Nahant bears but a faint resemblance to it.

Thence, returning to the paved road that we had left, the guide took us up by a most circuitous path to the lofty promontory at the eastern extremity of the island, eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. There we found the ruins of the principal of several palaces that were built upon this island by the Emperor Tiberius, one of the most hateful and hated of the tyrants of Rome. It is impossible, from the ruins which are left, to form any conception of the general structure of this doubtless once splendid abode of the despot. There are several large rooms, two of them arched, whose walls were once covered with stucco and fresco paintings, and their floors covered with Mosiac pavements. Only small patches of either remain; and the largest, loftiest and most imposing room of all is now a stable for sheep and donkeys, and the floor littered with manure and dirty straw. Sixty or a hundred feet below the palace is a point of rock, from which Tiberius compelled many of the objects of his jealousy and hatred to leap or be thrown down seven hundred feet, while he sat in his palace above, enjoying the sight of their destruction upon the ragged rocks, or in the sea below. A wall is now built around the horrid spot, inside of which is inscribed, to the monster's eternal infamy, "*Salto Tiberio.*"

This was the limit of our excursion. We made the best of our way down to our hotel, which we reached a little while before 6 o'clock—the hour appointed for our dinner. We had walked in all nearly five miles, over the most uneven, stony roads. I had accomplished the undertaking much better than I expected to do; but the last quarter of a mile on our return, I came "like a wounded snake, dragging his slow length along."

February 20.—I had a good night's rest, and awoke this morning much refreshed. Still, a pain in one of my limbs reminded me of the undue effort of yesterday, and admonished me to keep very quiet to-day. I have done so, and to-night I feel very comfortable. The wind has not abated any. The commotion of the sea is even more violent. We cannot leave the island, if we would, to-day; nor until the waters between us and the main land present a much smoother surface.

I walked in the garden of our host this morning. Several trees are in full foliage; a number of fine oleanders have been out all winter, and yet look quite fresh and healthy. There are several beds of turnips, young cabbages and lettuce, and I gathered a full-blown rose, leaving many more upon the bush. Still we have felt so cold that we have ordered a fire, and have been much more comfortable this afternoon and evening.

Yours, truly, S. J. MAY.

THE CHASE.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

"Ho! hunters of the panting slave,
That, from your house and hounds has fled,
And sought a refuge where the brave
Of other days for freedom bled;
Bring your fleet coursers to a halt!
Call in your hounds!—they're all at fault!

Your slave—the thankless refugee!—
Feigning some terrible alarms,
Dares, for protection, look to me;
Yes, casts himself into my arms;
And says that he has heard them tell
Where Prescott fought, and Warren fell:

That he has heard about a pile,
That heavenward lifts its stately head,
That day may leave its parting smile
Just where my bravest children bled,
Like victims, at their country's call,
To purchase liberty for ALL:

And that, long ere 'October's sun,'
At Richmond, tinged one raven lock
Of Webster, he had heard of one,
Who said—not far from Plymouth's rock—
'I hear the hammer's sound!—I see
The furnace smoke of slavery!

Before my sight the vision swims,
Of foul artificers, by whom
Fetters are forged for human limbs,
While Midnight wraps their work in gloom,
And makes the strokes of the sullen bell!
Chime in with the strokes of that work of hell!

I call on those, who, round the flame
Of righteous law keep watch and ward,
Or, in Religion's awful name,
Serve in the temple of the Lord,
To let these sinners feel the ban
Of Church and State,—of God and man!'

And trusting that the soul that spoke
Such words, yet lived, in all my bounds,
Your haunted one shook off your yoke;
And from your halters and your bounds,
Has he escaped, and fled to me,
Resolved on 'death or liberty.'

Poor, cheated 'chattel'! When I sing
Of freedom, and old War's disasters,
I mean, I'm free from George the King,
Not free from you—my southern masters!
O, no; the slaves from you that slip,
I'll catch and hold, for you to whip.

For, thus 'tis written in the bond
That holds the North and South together—
So, masters, when your 'things' abscond,
Be it warm or wintry weather,
I nab them: so dismiss your pack
Of hounds; and come, and take him back.

For I have also 'things' that talk,
Each furnished with an iron claw,
To 'hook' such *wares* as hither walk,
With or without the forms of law:
So come and feed* my biped pack;
Come and 'convey' your chattel back."

Good God! Is it for such a note
That staunch old Massachusetts yelps?
Opens she thus her deep-toned throat?
Falls she in thus with younger whelps?
In the hot chase of fleeing gangs,
In human limbs to flesh her fangs?

The fires of freedom *must* the quench—
The proud old Mother of us all—
Upon her Altar and her Bench—
On Bunker's Hill—in Faneuil Hall?
Must the *last spark* be trodden out,
Lest her old Virgin sister pout?

No!—let old Massachusetts tread
Queenly, along her rugged shore,
From Plymouth's rock to Marblehead;
And, as the surges rage, and roar,
And foam—let her look down, and say,
"Well thundered, Ocean!—roar away!

"The Hand that lifts your threatening seas
Has reared these ramparts on my line:
Be still, or stormy—as you please;
'Tis all the same to me and mine.
These rocks my grounds and children guard;
So, beat away!—you'll find they're hard."

So, too, when Southern despots chafe,
And scent their flying bondman's track,
Within her lines let *him* be safe;
And, though they foam, let *them* fall back;
And let *her* lift his hand, and say,
"From Berkshire's hills to Buzzard's Bay,

You see a land of Liberty!
True hearts are here, and toil-worn hands:
No fook can step here but 'tis free;
Look, stranger, look o'er all these lands;
There's room here yet, for freemen's graves,
But none for kidnappers or slaves."

—*Liberty Bell.*

* Qu. "fee"?

DEATH OF THE SLAVE-HUNTING KING.

From The London Daily News.

WE have this morning to announce the death of a sovereign. A black, woolly-headed potentate was he, it is true, but nevertheless a notable Monarch—a trained and experienced warrior—a King whose deeds resounded far and wide. It is the demise of Gezo, the Slave-King of Dahomey, that we record. The exact date when the evept occurred is not given in the letter before us, but the news is br